

THE GRAPHIC

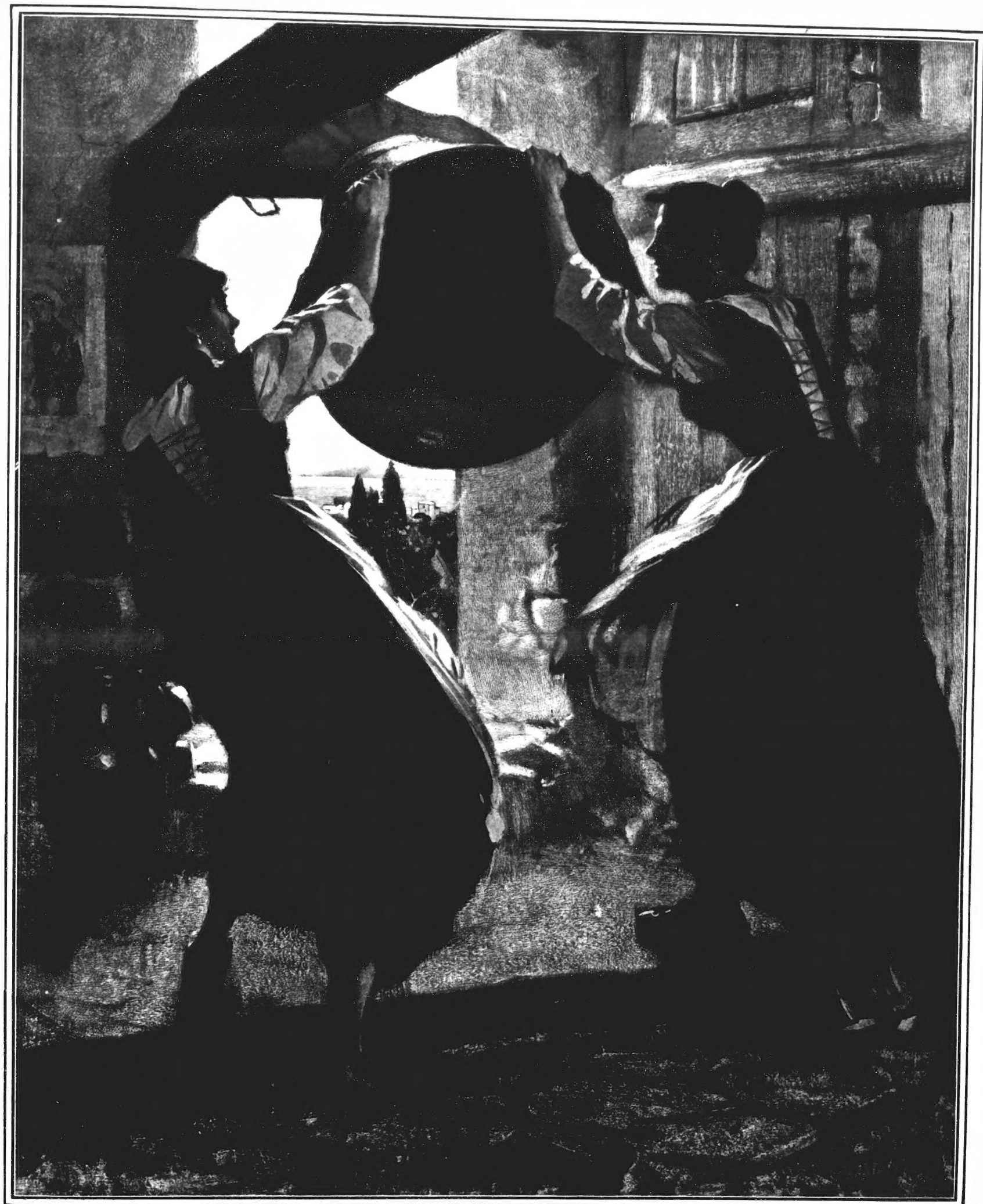
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1902

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT
"Three Years in the Heart of Asia"—Part II.

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



At Ana-Capri, the big bell is only rung on festal days, the smaller bells serving on ordinary occasions. The girls of the little Italian town do the ringing by ascending the belfry and actually swinging the bells with their hands

CHRISTMAS MORNING AT ANA-CAPRI: HOW THE BIG BELL IS RUNG

DRAWN BY HAROLD SPEED

Topics of the Week

The Legislation of the Year

OUR Legislators at Westminster are, at last, taking a well-earned holiday, and few even outside Parliamentary precincts will be found to regret the ending of the Session of 1902. In length it has almost equalled that memorable Home Rule Session that began in 1893 and ended in 1894, but the interest that then kept St. Stephen's packed with members night after night has been altogether lacking in 1902. In January last, when the Session began, men's minds were fixed, not on any Parliamentary contest at Westminster, but on a far more serious and more dramatic struggle in South Africa. Almost the first business that the House was asked to discuss was a reform in the Rules of Procedure. Possibly the discussion was necessary, but it was certainly dull, and it occupied an unconscionable time. In the result, the House appears to be much where it was before. There are still the same opportunities for unlimited talk; there is still the same difficulty in getting any serious work done. After many weary weeks had been spent in the discussion of these disappointing new rules, the House settled down to the Education Bill, with occasional excursions into the Licensing Laws and the Temperance question generally. The new Licensing Act, which is the result of these excursions, is one of the most valuable results of the Session. Unlike the measures put forward by the professional teetotalers, the new Act does not pretend that it will make people sober to the end of time by a mere stroke of the legislative pen. All it does is to remove here and there certain well-defined evils; but in doing this efficiently it achieves far more than measures that aim at some great sensational reform and necessarily fail to secure it. There is, perhaps, a little bit of this latter characteristic about the Education Bill. It was introduced with a considerable flourish of trumpets as a Bill that was going to put our educational system on an entirely new basis, with the express object of improving our power to compete with well-educated Germans. As a matter of fact, the part of the Bill that deals with higher education is comparatively unimportant. The main features of the Bill are concerned with elementary education, and here the question involved is not what steps shall be taken to improve the education given to the children, but what amount of power shall be bestowed upon the clergy and laity respectively. That may be an interesting question in itself—and evidently it is, to judge by the excitement it has created—but it has very little to do with education. As the result of introducing this question into the Bill, a measure which should have been calmly debated by practical and thoughtful men became a symbol for sectarian strife and theological wrangling. Prolonged sittings were devoted to the debating of points which had little intrinsic importance, but which furnished an excuse for wasting time and so delaying the progress of the Bill. In despair Mr. Balfour finally adopted the plan of closure by compartments, and a good deal of the Bill was adopted by the House without any discussion at all. Another achievement of the Session is the London Water Bill, which constitutes a Central Water Board, to take over the rights and obligations of all the separate water companies. Liberals and Conservatives alike seem to think that some such measure was necessary, but it remains to be seen whether the people of London will get any better water or pay any less for it than under the old system. In addition to these large measures the usual quantum of non-contentious and departmental measures has been disposed of. Probably the uppermost feeling in the minds of all legislators as they departed for their holidays last week, was a hope that the Session of 1903 would prove shorter.

The Delhi Durbar

ON New Year's Day there will begin at Imperial Delhi a succession of spectacles and pageants surpassing in magnificence all that even the Mogul capital has ever witnessed. No doubt, grand doings took place there, from time to time, both under Hindoo and under Mahomedan rule. But the attendance on these occasions was purely

Asiatic, except, perhaps, for a dozen or so of Europeans, and the show consequently lacked the infinite variety it will present next week. For the last two or three months streams of foreign sightseers have been continuously pouring Delhiwards in ever increasing numbers. Amid the picturesque jumble of glorious mosques, venerable temples, modest churches and chapels, splendid palaces, and mournful ruins of historic buildings, the lymphatic native lolling in the Chandni Chowk will see pass before him representatives of all the nations, each in their own garb. Dukes and Duchesses, millionaires and their gorgeously adorned ladies, the personally conducted globe-trotter, and the distinguished personage who, at Monte Carlo, does not bear, perhaps, an altogether unblemished reputation, the "smart set," and eke the set to whom smartness is anathema, will, with countless other types of modern humanity, play their little parts on the grand old stage where so many tragedies and so few comedies have been witnessed. The leaning Kootub, the battered Cashmere bastion, the marble Halls of Audience in the Imperial Palace could tell, an they were gifted with voice, of terrible things. But to the native placidly gazing at the foreign throng neither the past nor the future has much interest. It is "tamasha"—entertainment—and that is enough for his satisfaction at the moment. For the rest, he would be better pleased if the celebration of the Kaiser-i-Hind's enthronement had not enhanced bazaar rates for food and fuel.

Industrial Distress

THE late war has left behind it the customary reaction in those industries which chiefly benefited from campaigning expenditure. That operated as an artificial stimulant of production, and now that it is withdrawn, employers can no longer provide work for the same number of people. For all that, recent trade returns have shown more than an average amount of activity, taking one industry with another, while official inquiry has ascertained that, although distress is increasing among the poorer classes, it is mainly confined to the Metropolis and the great provincial cities, the smaller centres of population being exempt. One reason for this difference is, no doubt, that most of the discharged soldiers, especially the Auxiliaries, hang on to the towns as more likely to furnish them with employment. It is highly desirable, of course, that these deserving men should be kept out of the workhouse, and it is gratifying to know that many are already provided with berths. But the industrial change from exceptional activity of production to comparative stagnation necessarily tends to narrow the area of employment in certain trades, which have become so languid as to be compelled to turn off many of their old hands. Up to the present, however, there has been little genuine destitution, except perhaps in London and certain manufacturing cities in the North and Midlands.

The Pinch on the Middle Class

THERE is almost universal complaint among retailers in London that the great middle class seems to have lost a large measure of its customary spending power. Before Christmas, the particular time when members of that social grade usually give free reins to kindly extravagance in the purchase of presents, there was a notable falling off in trade of that character. Paterfamilias looked, it is affirmed, at both sides of every shilling, and practised the economical maxim about taking care of the pence. West End shopkeepers and co-operative stores tell the same tale, and it is echoed back from theatres, hotels and restaurants, and other places where Christmas festivity is wont to be anticipated by generous-hearted husbands and fathers and brothers. Can it be that they are at last being pinched by the pressure of taxation? It would appear almost ridiculous to suppose that the addition of a penny or two to the Income Tax can produce that effect. But when a householder has been accustomed to spend his income "up to the hilt," as it is to be feared many do, any additional outlay, however slight, makes itself felt and gives him twinges of conscience. It may be merely a chance coincidence that the severe fit of economy among these light-hearted gentlemen, of which shopkeepers complain, should have synchronised with their filling up of the return-forms for the ensuing collection.

The Latest Novelties in
POSTAGE STAMPS (Illustrated),
and a

CHRISTMAS TREE PRIZE COMPETITION FOR
COLONIALS,

Are among the Special Features of this week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE longevity of London statues has, I think, never been remarked upon, and yet it is most extraordinary. There has been only one out of the entire lot—and I think I am pretty well acquainted with all of them—that has absolutely disappeared. That of Charles II. in Soho Square was removed, to the great regret of the inhabitants, but it is still preserved at Mr. W. S. Gilbert's estate at Grimsdyke, Harrow Weald; but the equestrian statue of George I., which came from Canons, the seat of the Duke of Chandos, and was erected in Leicester Square about 1754, and remained there for over a century, seems to have disappeared altogether. I was reminded of this fact by seeing at Christie's the other day John O'Connor's admirable picture, "The Last of the Old Horse," which was probably painted just before Baron Grant commenced his conversion of the disreputable waste into the well-ordered garden we enjoy at present. In the picture we see a tottering, riderless horse, and that is just how I recollect it. I can remember pushing my way through the railings, which were easily separated, and wandering through the tall grass and kicking the statue in the head as he wallowed amid the rubbish. I did not know in those days that he was a king, or I should have been more reverential.

Those loose railings, I can call to mind, rapidly disappeared. People used to loot them and convert them into pokers. John O'Connor, at the time he painted the picture alluded to, had his studio over Messrs. Puttick and Simpson's, in Sir Joshua Reynolds's old drawing-room, so he commanded a fine view of the square and everything that was going on. I remember being in that room on the occasion of the opening of Baron Grant's garden, and having a long talk with E. M. Ward, the Royal Academician, and Tom Taylor, the latter being full of reminiscence and anecdote about the neighbourhood. By the way, a reproduction of the picture above-mentioned forms the frontispiece to Tom Taylor's interesting little volume on Leicester Square. There was a famous joke played with the statue one night years ago. The rider and horse were white-washed, a fool's cap placed on the head of the former, and the latter covered with red spots. I wonder whether Mr. John Hollingshead—who has also written a charming book, entitled "The Story of Leicester Square"—could tell us anything about it. But what I want to know is, were the rider and horse ever joined together again, or were they converted into building materials? If not, where may the statue be found at the present moment? I see Mr. Wheatley, in his invaluable work, "London Past and Present," says:—"The statue was sold May 22, 1872, for 16*l*." Now I very much doubt whether anybody had any right to sell that statue, and if they had I want to know who bought it, and I should very much like to be informed where it may be discovered nowadays. Why cannot it be found, properly restored, and returned to the garden where it dwelt, with varying fortunes, for over a hundred years?

The politeness of the London police is always a marvel to foreigners, and we have fine examples of the consideration and urbanity of the force at any crossing you may please to select during the present Christmas holidays. See the care with which these guardians stop the traffic and convoy flocks of children and ladies across the road, the patience they display when half a dozen silly questions are put to them at once, and the good-humoured way in which they endeavour to help flustered women out of their difficulties. I don't think the efforts of the London police in this direction have ever been sufficiently appreciated. I once wrote a song concerning a veritable Brummell in blue who used to be at one time on duty at Hamilton Place. One verse, I think, ran as follows:—

What will you do, ma'am, when Hansoms clatter,
And panels shatter, and drivers swear?
What will you do, ma'am, with horses sliding
And drags colliding?—You're in despair!
But gently chiding, with voice seraphic,
I stop the traffic at once for you.
Quite safe you'll be, ma'am, in charge of me, ma'am.
I want no fee, ma'am—I'll see you through!

You will find, too, that the police in the National Gallery are wondrously polite and have an accurate knowledge of the pictures. Possibly they fill up their spare time in writing erudite articles for some high art publications. We have heard of a policeman being a painter, so there is no reason why he should not be a critic. I can recall a policeman who used to be at South Kensington years ago, whose knowledge of china was something extraordinary.

Who was it, I wonder, first used the term "Dickensian" with regard to matters appertaining to Dickens? Several times lately have I seen such sentences as "in the Dickensian manner," "A Dickensian subject," and "the Dickensian humour." Now this is all absolutely wrong, and it is to be hoped it will not be allowed to creep into our language. It should be remembered that the name of the author of "Pickwick" was not Dickinson but Dickens, and that the right word to use is Dickensian.

It strikes me that all this abuse of the police for endeavouring to check the vagaries of scorchers on motor-cars and cycles is childish and foolish. They have their orders, and in carrying them out they are only doing their duty. As long as laws exist they are bound to see that they are obeyed. It would be quite as unreasonable to complain of a policeman arresting a pickpocket, running in an uproariously drunken man, or interfering with the exploits of the burglar. "The policeman's lot is not a happy one," to quote Mr. W. S. Gilbert, at the best of times, and it certainly seems a little too bad that, in addition to other hardships, he should be abused for obeying the commands of his superiors and doing his duty.

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

It is good to be a scholar; it is better to be a speaker. The man who "can think on his feet," and can convey those thoughts to his audience, has a great advantage over the majority of his fellows. Too many speeches, even now, begin with the stereotyped phrase, "Unaccustomed as I am to speaking in public." It is generally felt that the time has come when boys at the public schools should be trained from the first to face audiences, and to attain the self-confidence which frequent speech-making secures. Several well-known men are endeavouring to persuade headmasters to pay more attention to this subject than has hitherto been the practice. They are also striving to convince them that boys should be encouraged more than they are to write from their own minds. The old education chiefly consisted in furnishing the brain with the thoughts of others; the new education is to consist chiefly in training the brain to create thought.

In former times the titled and territorial magnates inherited, more or less, the office of government, and their position, wealth and power generally gave them the self-confidence which is required to address an audience. That inheritance is now being dispersed; those who think wisely, and can utter their thoughts in public, have some prospect of becoming Ministers. But most of them have not position, wealth, or power to support them, to make them self-confident; they must be trained to acquire it. It is a reason why there are so few prominent speakers in England now that, whilst the titled and territorial magnates no longer—as a body—have the same influence they had, the educated public has not been trained to make themselves heard.

Oratory is, for the moment, at least, unpopular. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is a debater, Mr. Arthur Balfour is a polished speaker, so is Lord Rosebery. If there are orators in the House of Commons now they are to be found amongst the Irish members. At the Bar, oratory is at this moment avoided; the art of skilfully handling evidence is cultivated. Even in the pulpit, eloquence does not occupy the place it did—in England. That facilitates the matter, for an orator requires qualities—to be perfect—which a convincing speaker need not possess. The late Sir Robert Peel—the father of the present Baronet—was said by Mr. Gladstone to have been the finest orator of his day, and probably of any period in the history of the House of Commons. Sir Robert was a tall, strongly built man, with a handsome face which could assume any expression he wished. His voice, which was clear and powerful, was absolutely under his command, and a more finished oratorical actor could not be conceived. But he was an orator and little else. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is not an oratorical actor, he does not aim at eloquence, but with a clear voice, and in clear language, he expresses his thoughts, and with lightning-like rapidity answers the interruptions of opponents. These are the attainments which education may in some measure secure.

"The Decline of the Amateur" would be a good title for a paper for one of the magazines. Twenty years ago a girl who could sing a simple song simply, or could play a waltz or a drawing-room piece correctly, with a light touch, was regarded as an accomplished woman. A man who could occasionally make a thirty or forty break a billiards was looked upon as a fine player. The man or woman who could draw or paint a little better than boys and girls draw or paint who have been taught at school, was described as an artist. Now, however, the drawing-room song or piece, the occasional thirty or forty break at billiards—lengthened by the frequent assistance of fortune—and the home-made "artist" do not acquire any reputation. Most men and women are supposed to be, and are, now well-grounded in the theory of whatever they take up; they approach the matter from the professional side, no longer from that of the amateur. It is curious that as the standard all round has been so greatly raised there are so few who surpass their contemporaries sufficiently to become permanently famous.

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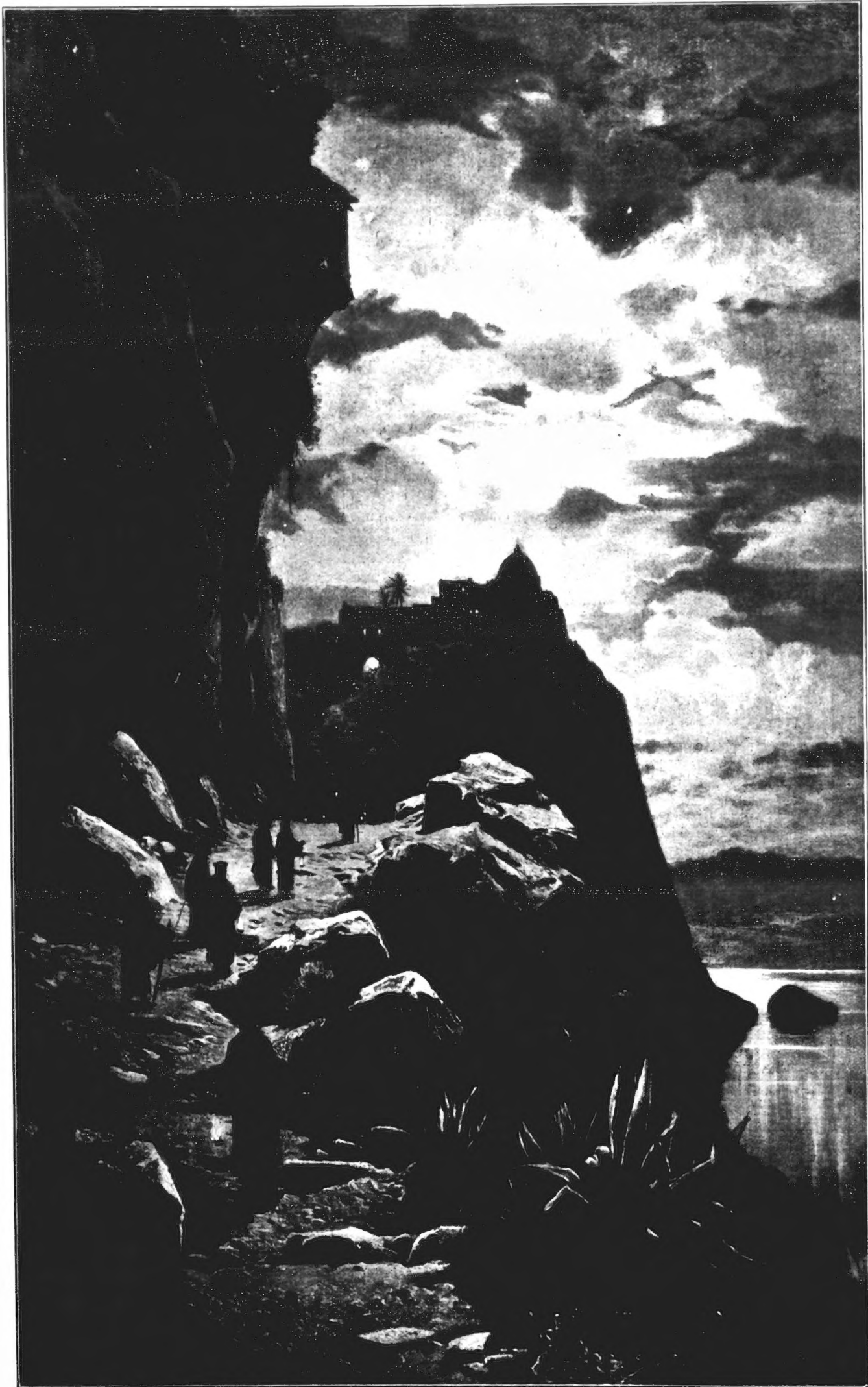
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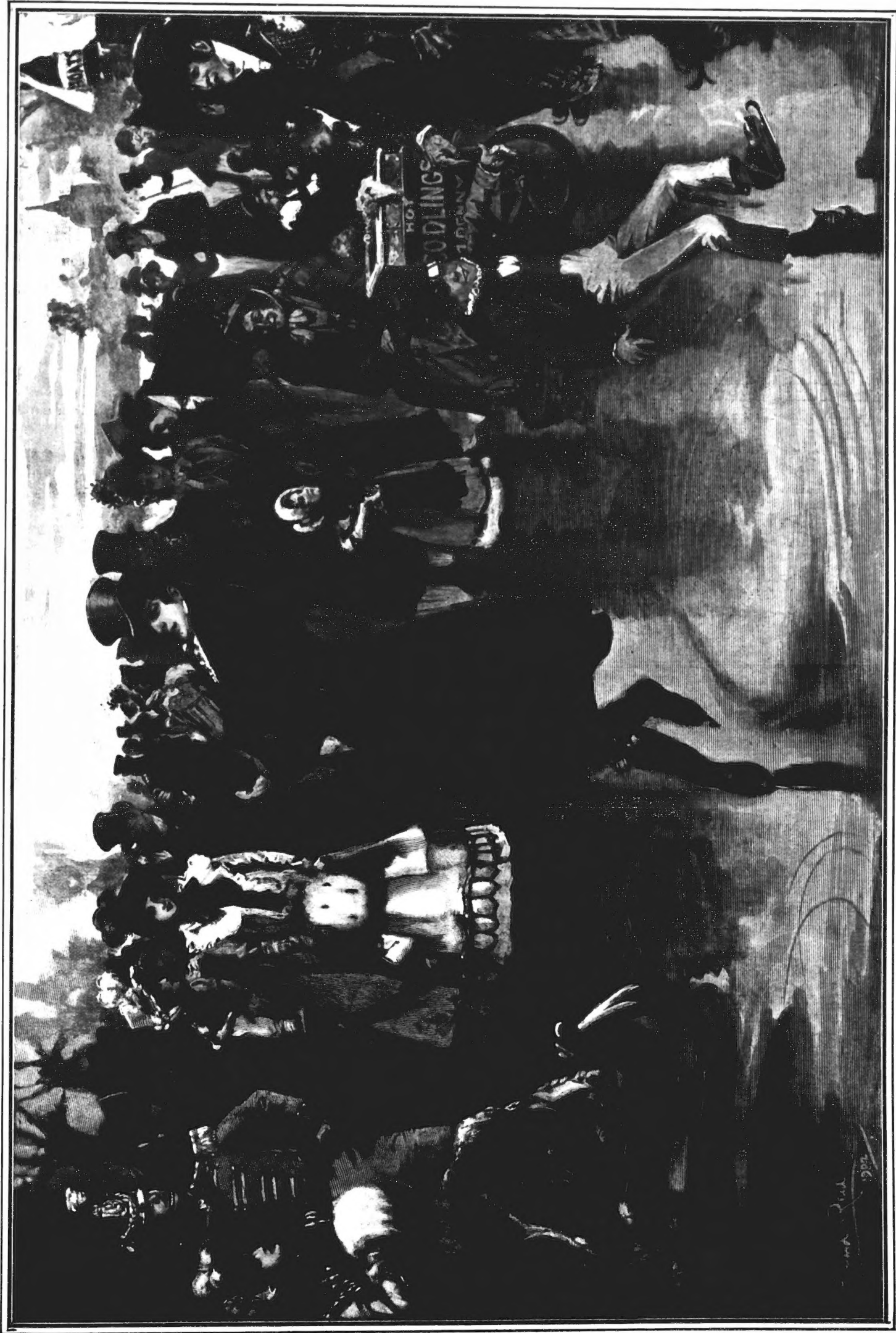


The convent lies close to Jerusalem, on the road between that city and the Dead Sea. It is built on the rocks which overhang the valley, where the Jordan forms little lakes before entering the Dead Sea. Mar Saba was built by St. Euthymius in the fifth century. The scholar Sâbas established a colony of anchorites there, but as the place was continually pillaged by Arabs the convent had to be built like a fortress. The picture shows the hermits and anchorites going up to the convent on Christmas Eve to

the midnight service at the convent church. They live in little huts perched on the rocks like birds' nests. Their food is extremely simple—a few figs and olives, and bread which comes from Jerusalem, and which is so hard that it has to be soaked before being eaten. To live at the Convent of Mar Saba is regarded as the greatest penance by the anchorites.

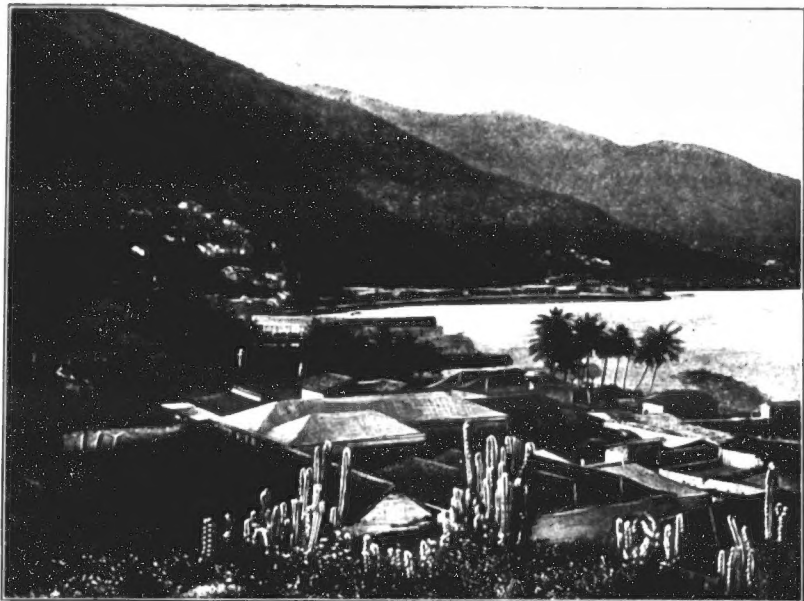
THE CONVENT OF MÂR SÂBA ON CHRISTMAS EVE

FROM THE PAINTING BY PROFESSOR H. CORRODI, EXHIBITED IN THE FRENCH GALLERY

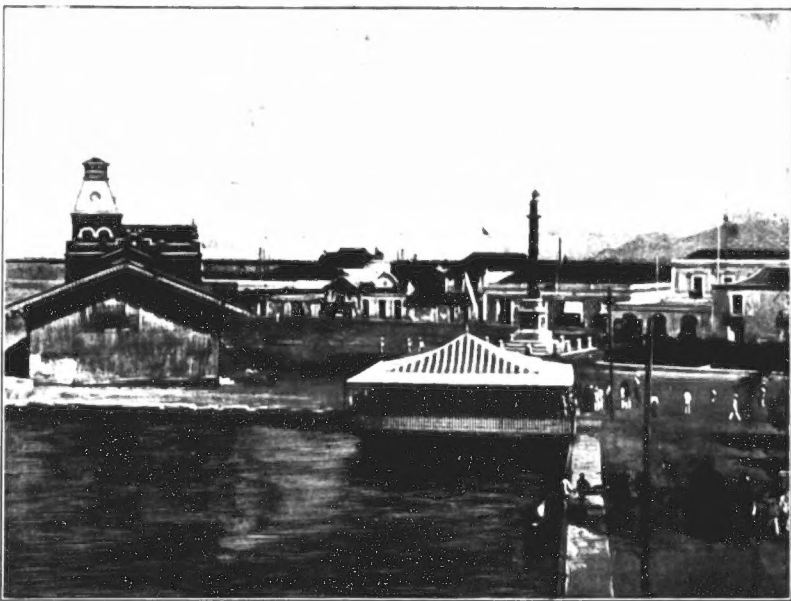


CUTTING A FIGURE: A CHRISTMAS SCENE ON THE ICE A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

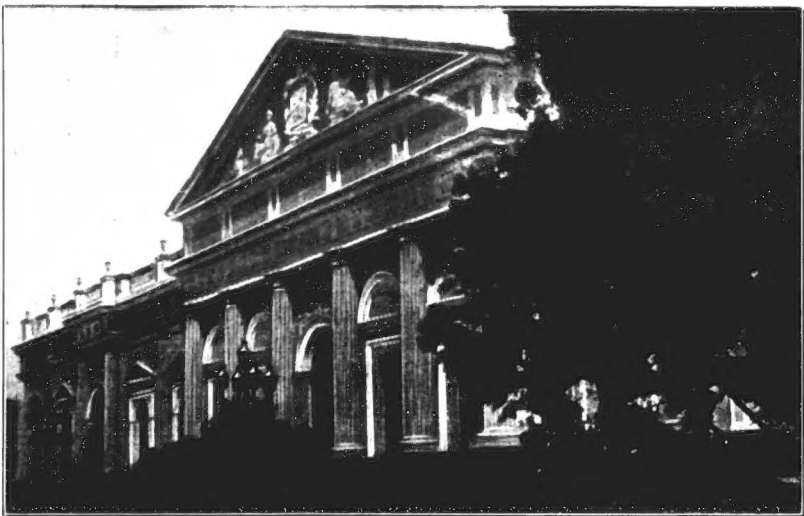
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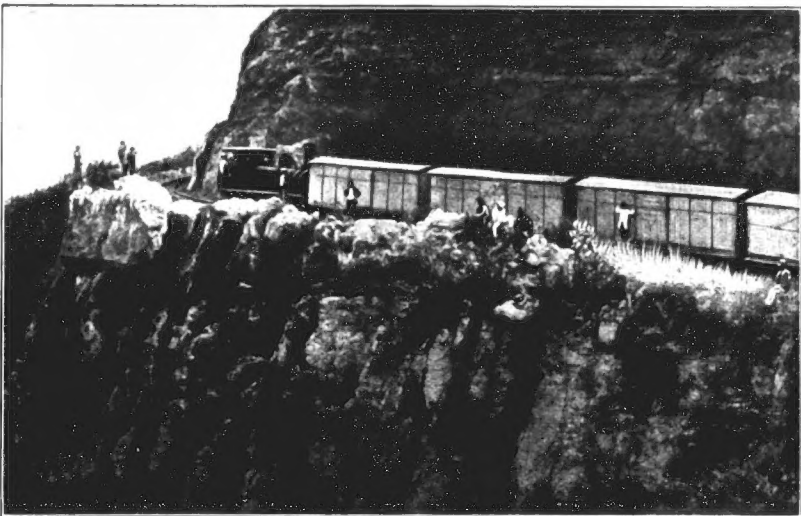
LA GUAYRA, WHERE THE VENEZUELAN WARSHIPS WERE SEIZED



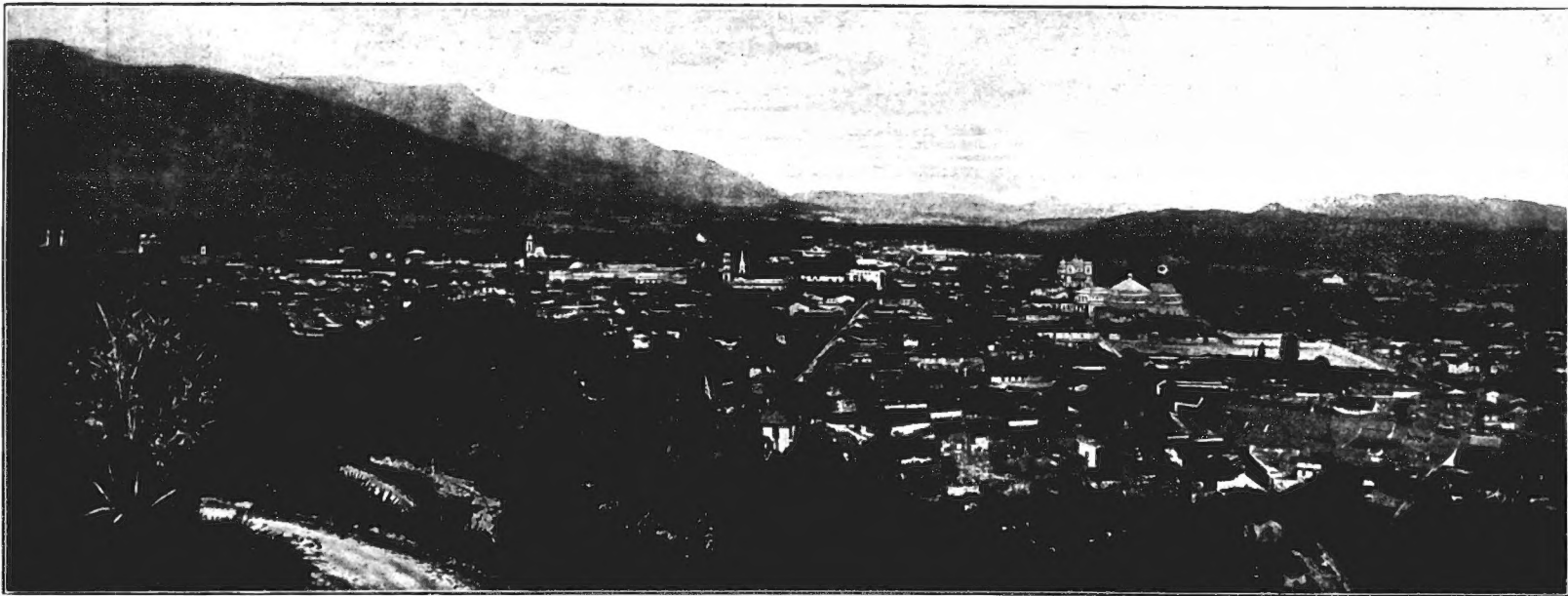
PUERTO CABELLO, THE FORT OF WHICH WAS BOMBARDED BY THE BRITISH AND GERMANS



THE CAPITOL, CARACAS

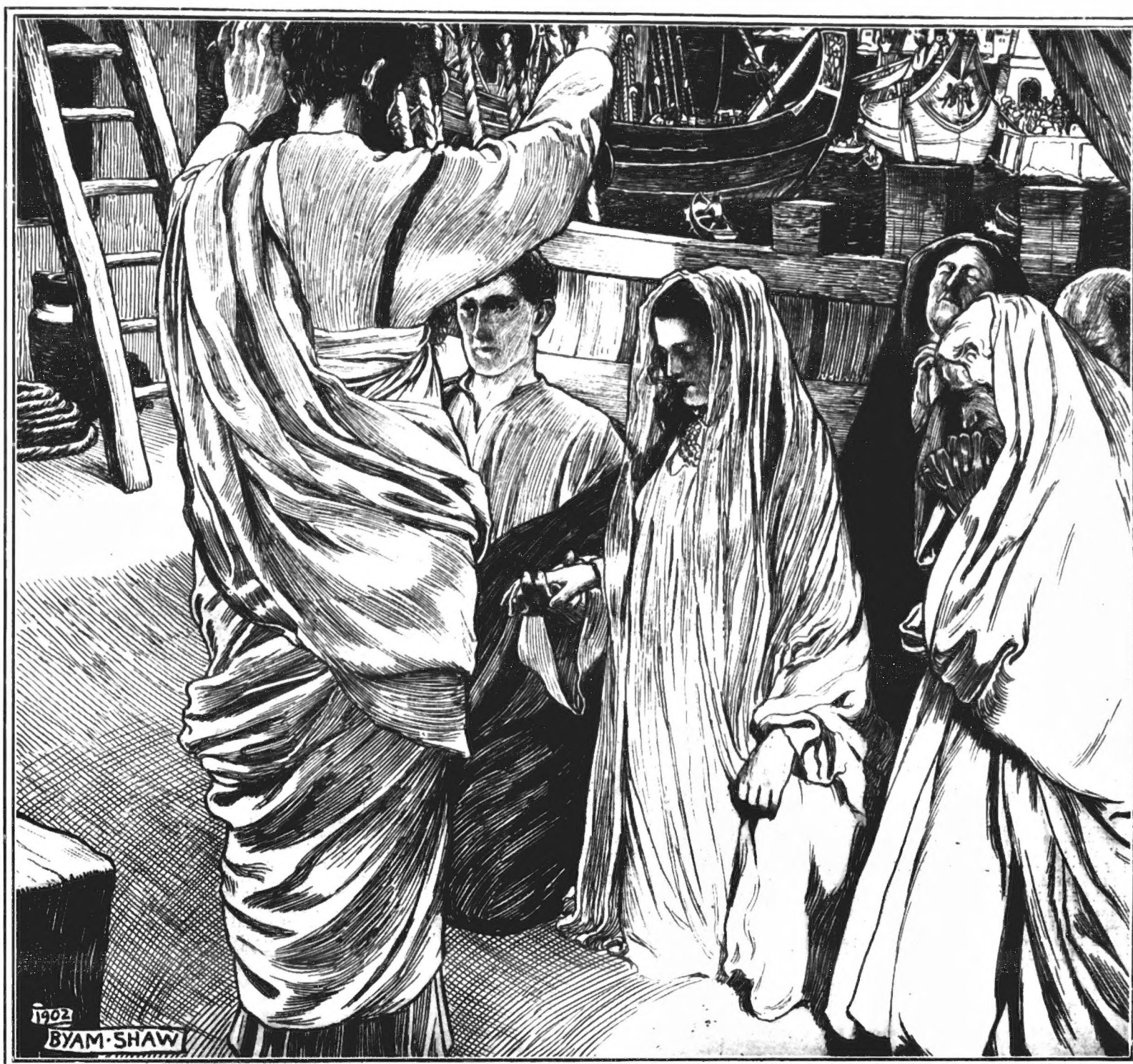


FREIGHT TRAIN ON THE LA GUAYRA AND CARACAS RAILROAD



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CARACAS, THE CAPITAL OF THE REPUBLIC

THE CRISIS IN VENEZUELA



"There in the ship 'Luna,' Marcus and Miriam, whom the Romans called Pearl-Maiden, were wedded by the bishop Cyril."

PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

CHAPTER XXVIII. (Continued)

It would seem that Caleb kept his word, for three days later the vessel *Luna* sailed unmolested from the Port of Ostia, in charge of the Greek captain Hector, having on board Miriam, Nehushta, Julia, and Gallus.

Within a week of this sailing Titus at length returned to Rome. Here in due course the case of Marcus was brought before him by the prisoner's friends, together with a demand that he should be granted a new and open trial for the clearing of his honour. Titus, who for his own reasons refused to see Marcus, listened patiently, then gave his decision.

He rejoiced, he said, to learn that his close friend and officer was still alive, since he had long mourned him as dead. He grieved that in his absence he should have been put upon his trial; on the charge of having been taken captive, living, by the Jews, which if Marcus upon his arrival in Rome had at once reported himself to him, would not have happened. He dismissed all accusations against his military honour and courage as mere idle talk, since he had a hundred times proved him to be the bravest of men, and knew, moreover, something of the circumstances under which he was captured. But, however willing he might be to do so, he was unable for public reasons to disregard the fact that he had been duly

convicted by a court-martial, under the Prince Domitian, of having broken the command of his general and suffered himself to be taken prisoner alive. To do so would be to proclaim himself, Titus, unjust, who had caused others to suffer for this same offence, and to offer insult to the prince, his brother, who in the exercise of his discretion as commander in his absence, had thought fit to order the trial. Still his punishment should be of the lightest possible. He commanded that, on leaving his prison, Marcus should go straight to his own house by night, so that there might be no public talk or demonstration among his friends, and there make such arrangement of his affairs as seemed good to him. Further, he commanded that within ten days he should leave Italy, to dwell or travel abroad for a period of three years, unless the time should be shortened by some special decree. After the lapse of these three years he would be free to return to Rome. This was his judgment, and it could not be altered.

As it chanced, it was the chamberlain Satorius who first communicated the Imperial decree to Marcus. Hurrying straight from the palace to the prison he was admitted into the prisoner's chamber. "Well," said Marcus looking up, "what evil tidings have you now?"

"None, none," answered Satorius. "I have very good tidings, and that is why I run so fast. You are only banished for three years, thanks to my secret efforts," and he smiled craftily. "Even

your property is left to you, a fact which will, I trust, enable you to reward your friends for their labours on your behalf."

"Tell me all," and the rogue obeyed, while Marcus listened with a face of stone.

"Why did Titus decide thus?" he asked when it was finished. "Speak frankly, man, if you wish for a reward."

"Because, noble Marcus, Domitian had been with him beforehand and told him that if he reversed his public judgment it would be a cause of open quarrel between them. This Caesar, who fears his brother, does not seek. That is why he would not see you, lest his love for his friend should overcome his reason."

"So the prince is still my enemy?"

"Yes, and more bitter than before, since he cannot find the Pearl-Maiden, and is sure that you have spirited her away. Be advised by me and leave Rome quickly, lest worst things befall you."

"Aye," said Marcus, "I will leave Rome quickly, for how shall I abide here who have lost my honour? Yet first it may please your master to know that by now the lady whom he seeks is far across the sea. Now get you gone, you fox, for I desire to be alone."

The face of Satorius became evil.

"Is that all you have to say?" he asked. "Am I to win no reward?"

"If you stay longer," said Marcus, "you will win one which you do not desire."

Then Satorius went, but without the door he turned and shook his fist towards the chamber he had left.

"Fox," he muttered. "He called me fox and gave me nothing. Well, foxes may find some picking on his bones!"

The chamberlain's road to the palace ran past the place of business of the merchant Demetrius. He stopped and looked at it. "Perhaps this one will be more liberal," he said to himself, and entered.

In his private office he found Caleb alone, his face buried in his hands. Seating himself he plunged into his tale, ending it with an apology to Caleb for the lightness of the sentence inflicted upon Marcus.

"Titus would do no more," he said; "indeed, were it not for the fear of Domitian, he could not have been brought to do so much, for he loves the man, who has been a prefect of his bodyguard, and was deeply grieved that he must disgrace him. Still, disgraced he is, aye, and he feels it; therefore I trust that you, most generous Demetrius, who hate him, will remember the services of your servant in this matter."

"Yes," said Caleb quietly, "fear not, you shall be well paid, for you have done your best."

"I thank you, friend," answered Satorius, rubbing his hands, "and, after all, things may be better than they seem. That insolent fool let out just now that the girl about whom there is all this bother has been smuggled away somewhere across the seas. When Domitian learns that he will be so mal with anger that he may be worked up to take a little vengeance of his own upon the person of the noble Marcus, who has thus contrived to trick him. Also Marcus shall not get the Pearl-Maiden, for the prince will cause her to be followed and brought back—to you, worthy Demetrius."

"Then," answered Caleb slowly, "he must seek for her, not across the sea, but in its depths."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I have tidings that Pearl-Maiden escaped in the ship *Luna* hard upon a month ago. This morning the captain and some mariners of the galley *Imperatrix* arrived in Rome. They report that they met a great gale off Rhegium, and towards the end of it saw a vessel sink. Afterwards they picked up a sailor clinging to a piece of wood, who told them that the ship's name was the *Luna* and that she foundered with all hands."

"Have you seen this sailor?"

"No; he died of exhaustion soon after he was rescued; but I have seen the men of the galley, who brought me notes of certain goods consigned to me in her hold. They repeated this story to me with their own lips."

"So, after all, she whom so many sought was destined to the arms of Neptune, as became a pearl," reflected Satorius. "Well, well, as Domitian cannot be revenged upon Neptune he will be the more wrath with the man who sent her to that god. Now I go to tell him all these tidings and learn his mind."

"You will return and acquaint me with it, will you not?" asked Caleb, looking up.

"Certainly, and at once. Our account is not yet balanced, most generous Demetrius."

"No," answered Caleb, "our accounts are not yet balanced."

Two hours later the chamberlain reappeared in the office.

"Well," said Caleb, "how does it go?"

"Ill, very ill for Marcus, and well, very well for those who hate him, as you and I do, friend. Oh! never have I seen my Imperial master so enraged. Indeed, when he learned that Pearl-Maiden had escaped and was drowned, so that he could have no hope of her this side the Styx, it was almost dangerous to be near to him. He cursed Titus for the lightness of his sentence; he cursed you; he even cursed me. But I turned his wrath into the right channel. I showed him that for all these ills Marcus, and Marcus alone, is to blame, Marcus, who is to pay the price of them with a three years' pleasant banishment from Rome, which, doubtless, will be remitted presently. I tell you that Domitian wept and gnashed his teeth at the thought of it, until I showed him a better plan—knowing that it would please you, friend Demetrius."

"What plan?"

Satorius rose, and having looked round to see that the door was fastened, came and whispered into Caleb's ear.

"Look you, after sunset to-night, that is within two hours, Marcus is to be put out of his prison and conducted to the side door of his own house, that beneath the archway, where he is ordered to remain until he leaves Rome. In this house is no one except an old man, the steward Stephanus, and a slave woman. Well, before he gets there, certain trusty fellows, such as Domitian knows how to lay his hands upon, will have entered the house, and having secured the steward and the woman, will await the coming of Marcus beneath the archway. You can guess the rest. Is it not well conceived?"

"Very well," answered Caleb. "But may there not be suspicion?"

"None, none. Who would dare to suspect Domitian? A private crime, doubtless! The rich have so many enemies."

What Satorius did not add was that nobody would suspect Domitian because the masked bravo was instructed to inform the steward and the slave when they had bound and gagged them, that they were hired to do the deed of blood by a certain merchant named Demetrius, otherwise Caleb the Jew, who had an ancient quarrel against Marcus which, already, he had tried to satisfy by giving false evidence before the court-martial.

"Now," went on Satorius, "I must be going, for there are one or two little things which need attention, and time presses. Shall we balance that account, friend Demetrius?"

"Certainly," said Caleb, and taking a roll of gold from a drawer he pushed it across the table.

Satorius shook his head sadly. "I laid it at twice as much," he said. "Think how you hate him and how richly your hate will be fed. First disgraced unjustly, he, one of the best soldiers and bravest captains in the army, and then hacked to death by cut-throats in the doorway of his own house. What more could you want?"

"Nothing," answered Caleb. "Only the man isn't dead yet."

Sometimes the Fates have strange surprises for us mortals, friend Satorius."

"Dead? He will be dead soon enough."

"Good. You shall have the rest of the money when I have seen his body. No, I don't want any lunging, and that's the best way to make certain."

"I wonder," thought Satorius as he departed out of the office and this history, "I wonder how I shall manage to get the balance of my fee before they have my Jewish friend by the heels. But it can be arranged—doubtless it can be arranged."

When he had gone, Caleb, who, it would seem, also had things which needed attention and felt that time pressed, took pen and wrote a short letter. Next he summoned a clerk and gave orders that it was to be delivered two hours after sunset—not before.

Meanwhile, he enclosed it in an outer wrapping so that the address was not seen. This done, he sat still a time, his lips moving, almost as though he were engaged in prayer. Then, seeing that it was the hour of sunset, he rose, wrapped himself in a long dark cloak, such as was worn by Roman officers, and went out.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOW MARCUS CHANGED HIS FAITH.

CALEB was not the only one who heard the evil tidings of the ship *Luna*; it came to the ears of the bishop Cyril also, since little of any moment passed within the city of Rome which the Christians did not know.

Like Caleb, he satisfied himself of the truth of the matter by an interview with the captain of the *Imperatrix*. Then with a sorrowful heart he departed to the prison near the Temple of Mars. Here the warden told him that Marcus wished to see no one, but answering, "Friend, my business will not wait," he pushed past the man and entered the room beyond. Marcus was standing up in the centre of it, in his hand a drawn sword of the short Roman pattern, which, on catching sight of his visitor, he cast upon the table with an exclamation of impatience. It fell beside a letter addressed to "The Lady Miriam in Tyre. To be given into her own hand."

"Peace be with you!" said the bishop, searching his face with his quiet eyes.

"I thank you, friend," answered Marcus, smiling strangely. "I need peace, and—seek it."

"Son," asked the bishop, "what were you about to do?"

"Friend," answered Marcus, "if you desire to know, I was about to fall upon my sword. One more minute and I should have been dead. They brought it me with the cloak and other things. It was thoughtful of them and I guessed their meaning."

Cyril lifted the sword from the table and cast it into a corner of the room.

"God be thanked," he said, "who led my feet here in time to save you from this sin. Why, because it has pleased Him to take her life, should you seek to take your own?"

"Her life?" said Marcus. "What dreadful words are these? Her life! Whose life?"

"The life of Miriam. I came to tell you. She is drowned upon the seas with all her company."

For a moment Marcus stood swaying to and fro like a drunken man. Then he said:

"Is it so indeed? Well, the more reason that I should make haste to follow her. Begone and leave me to do the deed alone," and he stepped towards the sword.

Cyril set his foot upon the shining blade.

"What is this madness?" he asked. "If you did not know of Miriam's death, why do you desire to kill yourself?"

"Because I have lost more than Miriam. Man, they have robbed me of my honour. By the decree of Titus, I, Marcus, am branded as a coward. Yes, Titus, at whose side I have fought in a score of battles—Titus from whom I have ward many a blow—has banished me from Rome."

"Tell me of this thing," said Cyril.

So Marcus told him all. Cyril listened in silence, then said sternly:

"Is it for this that you would kill yourself? Is your honour lessened by a decree based upon false evidence, and given for reasons of policy? Do you cease to be honourable because others are dishonourable, and would you fly from the battle? Now, indeed, Marcus, you show yourself a coward."

"How can I live on who am so shamed?" he asked, passionately. "My friends knew that I could not live, and that is why they wrapped a sword in yonder cloak and sent it me. Also Miriam, you say, is dead."

"Satan sent it to you, Marcus, desiring to fashion of your foolish pride a ladder down which you might climb to hell. Cast aside this base temptation which wears the mask of a false honour; face your trouble like a man, and conquer it by innocence—and faith."

"Miriam! What of Miriam?"

"Yes, what of Miriam? How would she welcome you yonder, who come to greet her with your blood upon your hands? Oh! son, do you not understand that this is the trial laid upon you? You have been brought low that you might rise high. Once the world gave you all it had to give. You were rich, you were a captain among captains; you were high-born; men called you 'The Fortunate.' Then Christ appealed to you in vain, you put Him by. What had you to do with the crucified carpenter of Galilee? Now by the plotting of your foes you have fallen. No longer do you rank high in your trade of blood. You are dismissed its service and an exile. The lesson of life has come home to you, therefore you seek to escape from life rather than bide in it to do your duty through good and ill, heedless of what men may say, and finding peace in the verdict of your own conscience. Let Him Whom you put by in your hours of pomp come to you now. Carry your cross with your shame as He carried His in His shame. In His light find light, in His peace find peace, and at the end her who has been taken from you a while. Has my spirit spoken in vain with your spirit during all these many weeks, son Marcus? Already you have told me that you believe and now at the first breath of

trouble will you go back upon that which you know to be the Truth? Oh! once more listen to me that your eyes may be opened before it is too late."

"Speak on, I hear you," said Marcus with a sigh.

So Cyril pleaded with him with the passion of one inspired, and as Marcus harkened his heart was softened and his purpose turned.

"I knew it all before, I believed it all before," he said at length, "but I would not accept your baptism and become a member of your Church."

"Why not, son?"

"Because had I done so she would have thought and you might have thought, and perhaps I myself should have thought that I did it, as once I offered to do, to win her whom I desired above all things on earth. Now she is dead and it is otherwise. Shrive me, father, and do your office."

So there in the prison cell the bishop Cyril took water and baptized the Roman Marcus into the body of the Christian Church.

"What shall I do now?" Marcus asked as he rose from his knees. "Once Caesar was my master, now you speak with the voice of Caesar. Command me."

"I do not speak, Christ speaks. Listen. I am called by the Church to go to Alexandria in Egypt, whither I sail within three days. Will you who are exiled from Rome come with me? There I can find you work to do."

"I have said that you are Caesar," answered Marcus. "Now it is sunset and I am free; accompany me to my house, I pray you, for there much business waits me in which I need counsel, who am overborne."

So presently the gates were opened as Titus had commanded, and they went forth, attended only by a guard of two men, walking unattended through the streets to the palace in the Via Agrippa.

"There is the door," said the sergeant of the guard pointing to the side entrance of the house. "Enter with your friend and, noble Marcus, fare you well."

So they went to the archway, and finding the door ajar, passed through and shut it behind them.

"For a house where there is much to steal this is ill guarded, son. In Rome an open gate ought to have a watchman," said Cyril as he groped his way through the darkness of the arch.

"My steward Stephanus should be at hand, for the jailer advised him of my coming—who never thought to come," began Marcus, then of a sudden stumbled heavily and was silent.

"What is it?" asked Cyril.

"By the feel, one who is drunken—or dead. Some leggar, perhaps, who sleeps off his liquor here."

By now Cyril was through the archway and in the little courtyard beyond.

"A light burns in that window," he said. "Come, you know the path, guide me to it. We can return to this sleeper."

"Who seems hard to wake," added Marcus as he led the way across the courtyard to the door of the offices. This also proved to be open and by it they entered the room where the steward kept his books and slept. Upon the table a lamp was burning, that which they had seen through the casement. Its light showed them a strange sight. An iron-bound box that was chained to the wall had been broken open and its contents rifled, for papers were strewn here and there, and on them lay an empty leathern money-bag. The furniture also was overturned as though in some struggle, whilst amongst it, one in the corner of the room and one beneath the marble table which was too heavy to be moved, lay two figures, those of a man and a woman.

"Murderers have been here," said Cyril with a groan.

Marcus snatched the lamp from the table and held it to the face of the man in the corner.

"It is Stephanus," he said, "Stephanus bound and gagged, but living, and the other is the slave-woman. Hold the lamp while I loose them," and drawing his short sword, he cut away the bonds, first of the one and then of the other. "Speak, man, speak!" he said, as Stephanus struggled to his feet. "What has chanced here?"

For some moments the old steward stared at him with round, frightened eyes. Then he gasped:

"Oh! my lord, I thought you dead. They said that they had come to kill you by command of the Jew Caleb, he who gave the evidence."

"They! Who?" asked Marcus.

"I know not, four men whose faces were masked. They said also that though you must die, they were commanded to do me and this woman no harm, only to bind and silence us. This they did, then, having taken what money they could find, went out to way-lay you. Afterwards I heard a scuffle in the arch and well-nigh died of sorrow, for I who could neither warn nor help you, was sure that you were perishing beneath their knives."

"For this deliverance, thank God," said Cyril, lifting up his hands.

"Presently, presently," answered Marcus. "First follow me," and taking the lamp in his hand, he ran back to the archway.

Beneath it a man lay upon his face—he across whom Marcus had stumbled, and about him blood flowed from many wounds. In silence they turned him over so that the light fell upon his features. Then Marcus staggered back amazed, for, behold! they were Caleb's, notwithstanding the blood and wounds that marred them, still dark and handsome in his death sleep.

"Why," he said to Stephanus, "this is that very man whose bloody work, as they told you, the murderers came to do. It would seem that he has fallen into his own snare."

"Are you certain, son?" asked Cyril. "Does not this gashed and gory cheek deceive you?"

"Draw that hand of his from beneath the cloak," answered Marcus. "If I am right the first finger will lack a joint."

Cyril obeyed and held up the stiffening hand. It was as Marcus had said.

"Caught in his own snare!" repeated Marcus. "Well, though I knew he hated me, and more than once we have striven to slay each other in battle and private fight, never would I have believed that Caleb the Jew would sink to murder. He is well repaid, the treacherous dog!"

"Judge not that ye be not judged," answered Cyril. "What do

you know of how or why this man came by his death? He may have been hurrying here to warn you."

"Against his paid assassins! No, father, I know Caleb better, only he was viler than I thought."

Then they carried the body into the house and took counsel what they should do. While they reasoned together, for every path seemed full of danger, there came a knock upon the archway door. They hesitated, not knowing whether it would be safe to open, till the knock was repeated more loudly.

"I will go, lord," said Stephanus, "for why need I fear who am of no account to anyone?"

So he went, presently to return.

"What was it?" asked Marcus.

"Only a young man, who said that he had been strictly charged by his master Demetrius, the Alexandrian merchant, to deliver a letter at this hour. Here is the letter."

"Demetrius, the Alexandrian merchant?" said Marcus as he took it. "Why, under that name Caleb who lies there dead passed in Rome."

"Read the letter," said Cyril.

So Marcus cut the silk, broke the seal, and read:

"To the noble Marcus,—

"In the past I have worked you evil and often striven to take your life. Now it has come to my ears that Domitian, who hates you even worse than I do, if for less reason, has laid a plot to murder you on the threshold of your own house. Therefore, by way of amends for that evidence which I gave against you that strained the truth, since no braver man ever breathed than you are, Marcus, it has come into my mind to visit the Palace Fortunate wrapped in such a cloak as you Roman captains wear. There, before you read this letter, perhaps we shall meet again. Still, mourn me not, Marcus, nor speak of me as generous, or noble, since Miriam is dead, and I who have followed her through life, desire to follow her through death, hoping that there I may find a kinder fortune at her hands, or if not, forgetfulness. You who will live long, must drink deep of memory—a bitter cup. Marcus, farewell. Since die I must, I would that it had been in open fight beneath your sword, but Fate, who has given me fortune, but no true favour, appoints me to the daggers of assassins that seek another heart. So be it. You tarry here but I travel to Miriam. Why should I grumble at the road?"

"Written at Rome upon the night of my death."

"CALEB."

"A brave man and a bitter," said Marcus when he had finished reading. "Know, my father, that I am more jealous of him now than ever I was in his life days. Had it not been for you and your preaching," he added angrily, "when he came to seek Miriam, he would have found me at her side. But now, how can I tell?"

"Peace to your heathen talk!" answered the bishop.

"Is the land of spirits then such as your poets picture, and do the dead turn to each other with eyes of earthly passion? Yet," he added more gently, "I should not blame you who, like this poor Jew, from childhood have been steeped in superstitions. Have no fear of his rivalry in the heavenly fields, friend Marcus, where neither do they marry or are given in marriage, nor think that self-murder can help a man. What the end of all this tale may be does not yet appear; still I am certain that yonder Caleb will take no gain in hurrying down to death, unless indeed he did it from a nobler motive than he says, as I for one believe."

"I trust that it may be so," answered Marcus, "although in truth that another man should die for me gives me no comfort. Rather would I that he had left me to my doom."

"As God has willed so it has befallen, for 'man's goings are of the Lord; how then can a man understand his own way?'" replied Cyril with a sigh. "Now let us to other matters, for time is short and it comes upon me that you will do well to be clear of Rome before Domitian finds that Caleb fell in place of Marcus."

Nearly three months had gone when, at length, one night as the sun vanished, a galley crept wearily into the harbour of Alexandria and cast anchor just as the light of Pharos began to shine across the sea. Her passage through the winter gales had been hard, and for weeks at a time she had been obliged to shelter in harbours by the way. Now, short of food and water, she had come safely to her haven, for which mercy the bishop Cyril with the Roman Marcus and such other Christians as were aboard of her gave thanks to Heaven upon their knees in their little cabin near the fore-castle, for it was too late to attempt to land that night. Then they went on deck and, as all their food was gone and they had no drink except some stinking water, leaned upon the bulwarks and looked hungrily towards the shore, where gleamed the thousand lights of the mighty city. Near to them, not a bowshot away indeed, lay another ship. Presently, as they stared at her black outline, the sound of singing floated from her decks across the still starlit waters of the harbour. They listened to it idly enough at first, till at length some words of that song reached their ears, causing them to look at each other.

"That is no sailor's ditty," said Marcus.

"No," answered Cyril, "it is a Christian hymn, and one that I know well. Listen. Each verse ends, 'Peace, be still!'"

"Then," said Marcus, "yonder must be a Christian ship, else they would not dare to sing that hymn. The night is calm, let us beg the boat and visit it. I am thirsty and those good folk may have fresh water."

"If you wish," answered Cyril. "There too we may get tidings as well as water."

A while later the little boat rowed to the side of the strange ship and asked leave to board of the watchman.

"What sign do you give?" asked the officer.

"The sign of the Cross," answered Cyril. "We have heard your hymn who are of the brotherhood of Rome."

Then a rope ladder was thrown down to them and the officer bade them make fast and be welcome.



OPENING THE SAFE

They climbed upon the deck and went to seek the captain, who was in the afterpart of the ship, where an awning was stretched. In the space enclosed by this awning, which was lit with lanterns, stood a woman in a white robe, who sang the refrain of the hymn in

a very sweet voice, others of the company, from time to time, joining in its choruses.

"From the dead am I arisen,"

sang the voice, and there was something in the thrilling notes that went straight to the heart of Marcus, some tone and quality which were familiar.

Side by side with Cyril he climbed onwards across the rowing-benches, and the noise of their stumbling footsteps reaching the singer's ears, caused her to pause in her song. Then stepping forward a little, as though to look, she came under the lantern so that its light fell full upon her face, and, seeing nothing, once more took up her chant.

"O ye faithless, from the dead am I arisen."

"Look, look!" gasped Marcus, clutching Cyril by the arm. "Look! It is Miriam, or her spirit."

Another instant and he, too, had come into the circle of the lamp-light, so that his eyes met the eyes of the singer. Now she saw him and, with a little cry, sank senseless to the deck.

So the long story ended. Afterwards they learned that the tale which had been brought to Rome of the loss of the ship *Luna* was false. She had met the great gale, indeed, but had sheltered from it in a harbour, where the skill of her captain, Hector, brought her safely. Then she made her way to Sicily, where she re-fitted, and so on to one of the Grecian ports, in which she lay for eight weeks waiting for better weather, till a favouring wind brought her somewhat slowly to Alexandria, a port she won only two days before the galley of Marcus. It would seem, therefore, that the vessel that had foundered in sight of the *Imperatrix*, was either another ship also called the *Luna*, no uncommon name, or that the mariners of the *Imperatrix* had not heard her title rightly. It may have been even that the dying sailor who told it to them wandered in his mind, and forgetting how his last ship was called, gave her some name with which he was familiar. At the least, through the good workings of Providence, that *Luna* which bore Miriam and her company escaped the perils of the deep and in due time reached the haven of Alexandria.

Before they parted that happy night all their tale was told. Miriam learned how Caleb had kept the promise that he made to her, although when he thought her dead his fierce and jealous heart would suffer him to tell nothing of it to Marcus. She learned also how it came about that Marcus had been saved from death at his own hand by Cyril and entered the company of the Christian brotherhood. Very glad were both of them to think in the after years that he had done this believing her to be lost to him in death. Now none could say that he had changed his faith to win a woman, nor could their own consciences whisper to them that this was possible though even at the time he knew it not.

So they understood how through their many trials, dangers, and temptations all things had worked together for good to them.

On the morrow, there in the ship *Luna*, Marcus and Miriam, whom the Romans called Pearl-Maiden, were wedded by the bishop Cyril, the Captain Gallus giving her in marriage, while the white-haired, fierce-eyed Nehushta, stood at their side and blessed them in the name of that dead mother whose command had not been broken.

THE END

Music Notes

MUSICAL performances, as usual, are suspended in London during Christmas, but they will be resumed on New Year's Day, when special concerts will be given at the Albert Hall and at Queen's Hall. On the following evening Mr. Sousa will commence a season with his American band at Queen's Hall. It is curious that concerts are not better supported at Christmastide in London, for in the provinces they are, as a rule, extremely profitable, and in some districts even the theatres are brought into requisition for sacred concerts on Christmas Day. The London musical season, indeed, practically ended on the Monday before Christmas, but down to that date concerts were numerous enough.

THE PAST YEAR

No detailed review of the music of the past year is necessary, nor would, indeed, now be practicable, but a brief survey may be of interest. The amount of new music, and particularly of new orchestral works from the Continent, has been immense. Whether it has been well chosen is another matter. Novelty has, indeed, unquestionably in many cases been tried merely for the gratification of curiosity, with no prospect whatever of adding anything permanently to the repertory. The visits of Herr Richard Strauss to accompany Herr von Possart and to produce his *Heldenleben*, of Herr Weingartner to conduct a Beethoven concert, of the Joachim quartet party to play Beethoven's final quartets, and of the Meiningen Orchestra to give us some novel readings of Brahms' symphonies, have been features of the current year. Mr. Vert has, after upwards of twenty years, relinquished the management of the Richter Concerts, and Dr. Richter, instead, proposes experimentally to bring his Manchester Orchestra to London in the spring. Herr Kruse has taken up the direction of the "Pops," and the Broadwood Concerts have been successfully started upon more modern and progressive lines. At the opera, the chief events of the season were the *début* of Signor Caruso, a tenor who seems likely to carry on the traditions of the old and sweet-voiced Italian singers of former days, and the production of Miss Ethel Smyth's opera, *Der Wald*. Another special feature, also, was the successful revival of cheap autumn opera at Covent Garden. Of what the New Year is likely to bring forth we must speak on another occasion.



Mlle. D'Aurignac
(Mme. Humbert's sister)

M. Humbert

Mme. Humbert

The members of the Humbert family were arrested early on Saturday morning in Madrid, where they had all been living ever since they fled from France in May last. It will be remembered that large sums of money had been lent to the Humbert family, on the supposition that a certain safe contained 120,000,000 francs, which belonged to them, but which they could not touch. The safe was opened in May, and found to contain nothing. In the meantime the family had disappeared.

THE GREAT HUMBERT CASE

The Rebuilding of London: An Architectural Retrospect

THE practical rebuilding of some of the most noteworthy quarters of London, and the marked changes in the designs alike of public and private buildings, have brought about a decided revival of interest in architecture and architectural surroundings. It is curious to note the marked progress of Metropolitan architecture throughout the last century. Towards the close of the eighteenth century architecture cannot be said to have been in a hopeful condition, and was certainly the reverse of interesting. The sturdy and vigorous style of Renaissance introduced into this country by Inigo Jones, during the second quarter of the seventeenth century, which, later on, under Sir Christopher Wren, Hawksmoor, and Gibbs, had produced great works, sadly deteriorated towards the close of the eighteenth century, and even at an earlier period unmistakable signs of an inclination towards vulgarity and eccentricity on the one hand, and dull inelegance on the other, were not wanting. Nothing, for instance, could more distinctly display how the style had become corrupted than a comparison between Wren's graceful steeples and such monstrosities as those of St. Luke's, Old Street, and St. John's, Horsleydown. Probably uglier features than these are not to be found in the whole range of architectural development. At St. Luke's a truncated Doric pilaster does duty for a spire, and in the other a gouty Ionic column forms the hideous termination to a tower. Fortunately the domestic work of the period was far in advance of the ecclesiastical; the houses were mostly well built, and frequently not inelegant in their proportions. At the close of the century, however, the names of Sir William Chambers and the brothers Adam seem alone to stand out above the pervading gloom and depression which enveloped the architecture of the time. No comparison can be drawn between Sir William Chambers and the brothers Adam, because, after Sir Christopher Wren, the former was the greatest architect that this country has produced in modern times, and England possesses no nobler public building than Somerset House (1776-1780). Chambers's work is brilliant and masterly, as may be seen from the noble river-front of Somerset House and the finely designed entrance to the great courtyard from the Strand.

The brothers Adam were men of somewhat less brilliant attainments and humbler aspirations. They were, however, possessed of most remarkable taste and judgment, and even when they designed a row of simple dwelling-houses of the most ordinary kind, they were so imbued with the fitness of proportion that in dealing with a plain wall, pierced with a row of square-headed windows without ornamental details, their treatment of "void" and "solid" was always pleasing, and when a cornice, pilasters, or arched doorways were added, these features were in good keeping and appropriate. Whereas, if the funds at command allowed them to indulge in pediments, columns, rusticated basements and ornamental panels, they possessed such an admirable sense of true economy that not a single feature was lost sight of in the general effect. The Adelphi Terrace, Strafford Place, Fitzroy Square (1790-1815), and Portland Place in London, St. George's Square and the old University buildings in Edinburgh, are good examples of their work. That the Adams also possessed the power of picturesque treatment is proved by the little circus at the east end of Adelphi Terrace.

The architects who succeeded the Adam brothers, or who were their contemporaries, were certainly dull in the extreme, and the

first quarter of the nineteenth century produced buildings of little interest; Marylebone Church, Hackney Church, St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, Trinity Church, Marylebone Road, are not lively productions, although the last named is the work of the fashionable architect of the time, Sir John Soane. We are not surprised that towards the close of the first quarter of this century we find some attempt at fresh developments. St. Mary's, Seymour Street (1819), is an example; it is in the Gothic style, the utmost that can be said for it is that it is not worse than most of its contemporaries. The style has received the appellation of "Brummagem Gothic," probably from the Gothic stoves and other cast-iron objects turned out at the capital of the Midlands. Inwood was the

without merit, but the interior is a triumph of dullness worthy of "The Dunciad."

Wilkins was another architect of the time who practised in ultra-Gothic and ultra-Greek, and his works in London are all in the Greek style. The principal are the National Gallery, University Hospital, and University College, Gower Street. Architects, we are told, admire these, and we believe that they are "awfully correct" to the uninitiated; however, they are dreadfully dull, and the National Gallery is not even enlivened by its "pepper-boxes." University College has a useless portico and a dome, the supporting ribs of which are the lantern they are supposed to support is unpierced for light! which reminds one of the old story of a blind man searching in a dark cellar for a black cat which was not there. Perhaps the writer is prejudiced against this dome, because as a child he had the misfortune to live in sight of it, and a mischievous nurse, pointing to it, used to say, "You see that ugly thing like a great black basin (the dome); well, that is the home of a bogey, and in that thing on the top like a Stilton cheese (the lantern) he keeps naughty boys, whose toes he bites when they are troublesome." This imaginative young woman suggested a use for Wilkins's dome which never occurred to him.

The portico leading to Euston Square Station of the North-Western Railway, by Hardwick, though striking from its massiveness, cannot be regarded as thoroughly satisfactory, because it is an extravagant and useless appendage to a building in which practical considerations should be of the first importance. The Greek revival is associated with the names of several admirable architects. The late Professor Cockerell may be regarded as a master of this style, and it cannot be too greatly regretted that his beautiful church in Regent Street has been recently pulled down. If its removal was a necessity, why could it not have been rebuilt elsewhere?

The portico and colonnaded south front of the British Museum is an excellent example of the Ionic order, though somewhat cold in character. Decimus Burton's beautiful colonnade at Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly, is a graceful example of Grecian architecture. It was erected in 1828. The sculptured friezes which adorn it are frequently attributed to Flaxman, but we believe they are the work of Westmacott, though it is difficult to conceive that they are by the same man who perpetrated the Achilles close at hand!

Unfortunately, Greek architecture is inappropriate to our climate, and the buildings suffer much from the soot-begrimed atmosphere of our large towns. It is for this reason that buildings in London, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh appear to a disadvantage when compared with those in the same style in Munich, Vienna, Berlin, and Warsaw. If, however, the Greek style is inappropriate to our climate, what can be said of such strange architectural exotics as the Pavilion at Brighton, the Egyptian Hall, the Swiss Cottage, the Alhambra, and the Chinese

Pagoda at Kew? The weather in England is proverbially changeable, but it is scarcely sufficient to demand Indian, Swiss, Egyptian, and Chinese precautions.

Of course, during the first quarter of the century, the ordinary Italian Renaissance formed what Sir Gilbert Scott calls the "vernacular style," and we find it used in nearly all public edifices, sometimes successfully, but more generally the reverse.

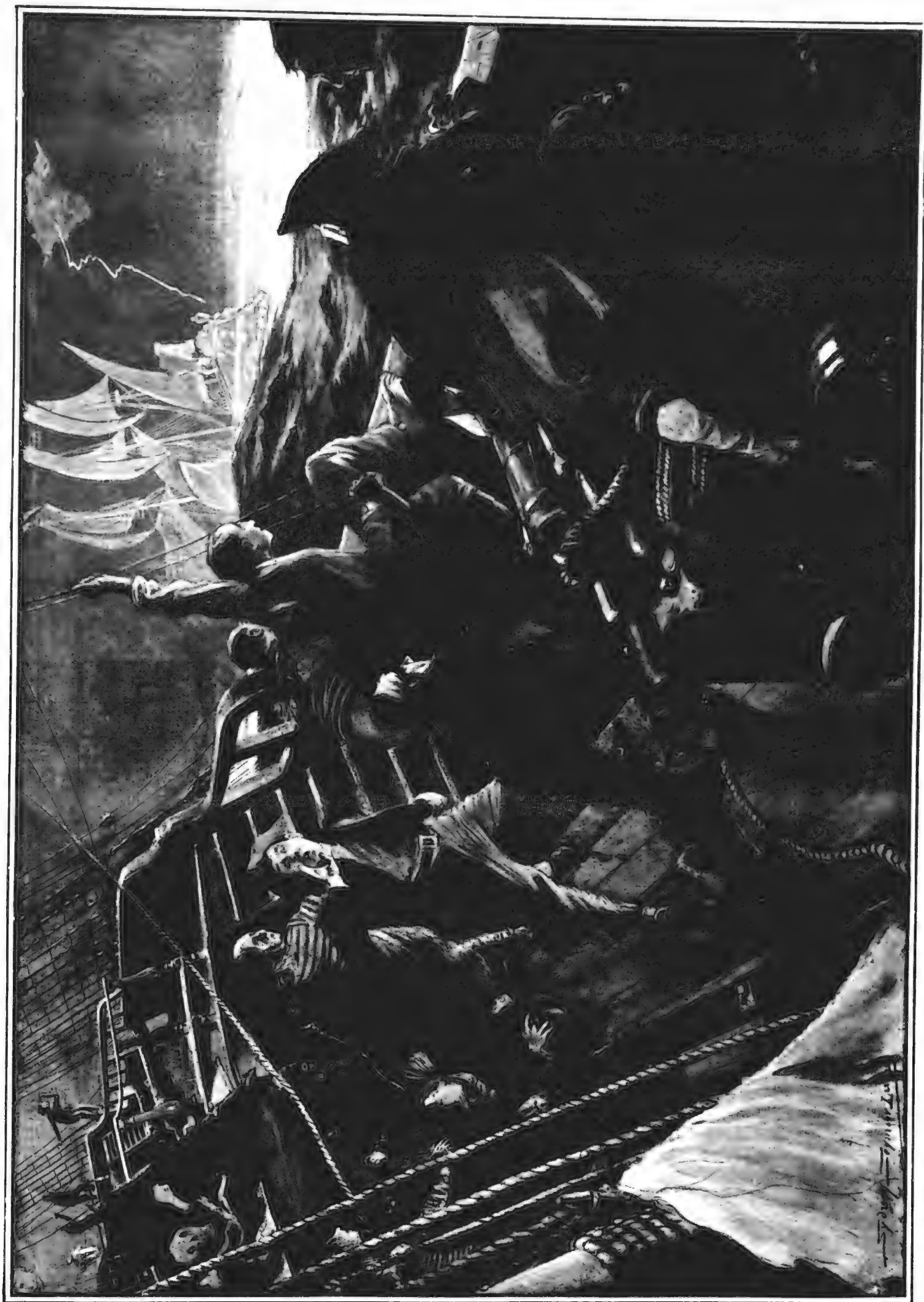
The Custom House, erected in 1813, is a favourable specimen, but the same cannot be said of the exterior of Drury Lane Theatre, erected in 1829. Leigh, in his "New Picture of London," speaking of the interior of this building, says that it is "splendid, but not



"THE MADONNA UNDER THE APPLE-TREE"

FROM THE PAINTING BY LUCAS CRANACH. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

architect of St. Mary's, Seymour Street, but fortunately his reputation does not depend upon this work alone, for his name is associated with a far more able building, new St. Pancras Church, which is as far as possible removed in point of style from the former work. Externally St. Pancras is a Greek Temple with a steeple, and we have the well-known caryatides of the Pandroseum reproduced over the vestry. The tower is studied from the Coragic monument, with its singular finial, which in the original was designed to support a tripod, but here forms a somewhat clumsy base to a cross. The portico is certainly striking, and the whole exterior of the building not



CHRISTMAS AT SEA IN THE OLDEN TIME: THE PHANTOM SHIP

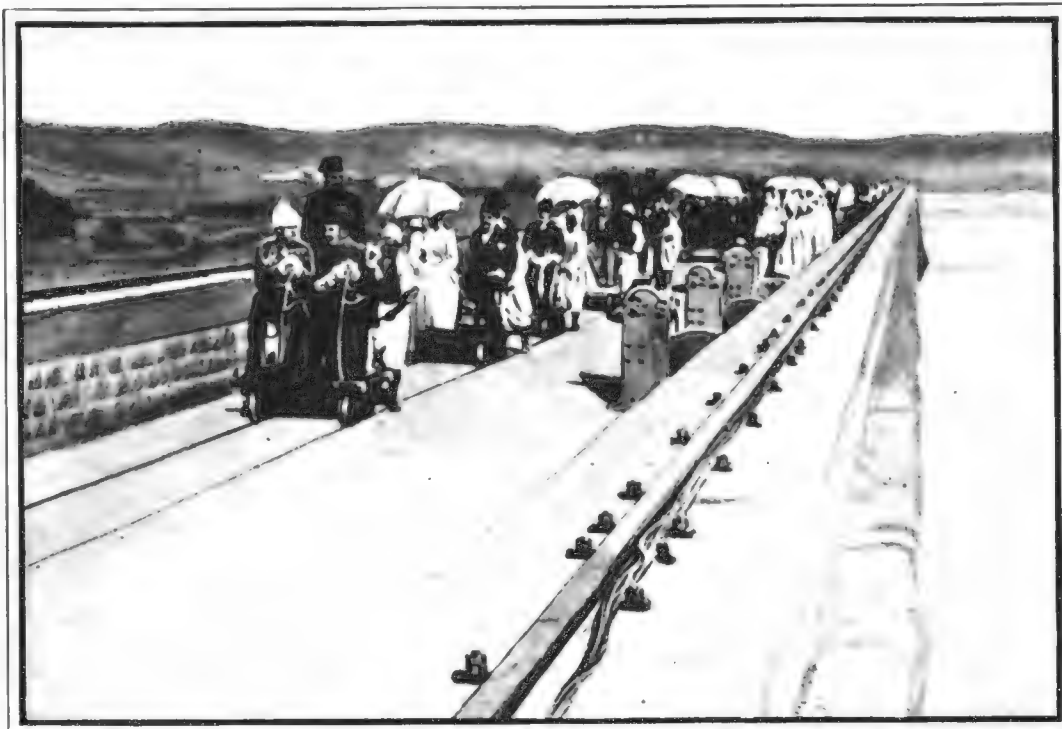
DRAWN BY SYDNEY SEYMOUR LUCAS

gaudy." One may question the first statement, but no one, we think, will dispute the latter.

Probably the greatest achievement of the time was Regent Street, commenced in 1813, from the designs of Joseph Nash. This is a really noble thoroughfare, and the great difficulties met with in its planning have been successfully overcome. In order to connect Portland Place with Waterloo Place two very awkward *elbows* had to be turned, one at Langham Place and the other at Glasshouse and Vigo Streets. The former is rendered attractive by All Souls' Church, Langham Place being set at an oblique angle to the street, and provided with a circular portico which acts as a pivot round which the street winds. Unfortunately the spire which crowns this portico is a repulsively hideous object. There is a very rare caricature of it by Pugin, which, though slightly coarse, is amusing and just, from a critical point of view. The other difficulty Nash overcame by a quadrant with colonnades. The effect was very striking before the removal of the columns in 1845, but that alteration ruined the whole thing, as the fronts of the houses now look bald and flat. The buildings in Regent Street are well grouped together, and in combination form a fine architectural perspective.

We now come to one of the most remarkable architectural movements of the age—the Gothic revival. Although there had been attempts up and down the country to imitate Gothic buildings during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and the first quarter of the nineteenth, yet they were mere dilettanti experiments, like those of Batty Langley and Horace Walpole. They can scarcely be regarded as serious or leading to any practical results. The extraordinary enthusiasm and earnestness of Augustus Welby Pugin, however, achieved a most remarkable and unexpected success, so great, indeed, that for the last half-century the Gothic style has been in almost universal use for ecclesiastical buildings, and has been adopted in many of the most important secular edifices of our day. The Houses of Parliament, the Law Courts, the Record Office in London, Manchester Town Hall, Salford Courts of Justice, the Midland Railway Station, and Oxford Museum are but a few of the most important. Moreover, a school of able and learned architects has arisen, which has not only enriched our country with striking buildings, but under such men as Pugin, Sir Gilbert Scott, Street, Blomfield, Butterfield, Waterhouse, Bodley, and Pearson has instilled into the minds of younger men a thorough knowledge of mediæval styles, which has not only enabled them to erect successful Gothic buildings, but also to treat classical and Renaissance styles with more boldness and freedom than hitherto.

In the early sixties a kind of freely treated Renaissance style was introduced. Why the name of Queen Anne was associated with this it would be extremely difficult to say, inasmuch as its leading features, especially the scroll gables, proclaim it at once to be founded upon Caroline examples. It produced many excellent buildings, especially private houses, and found a

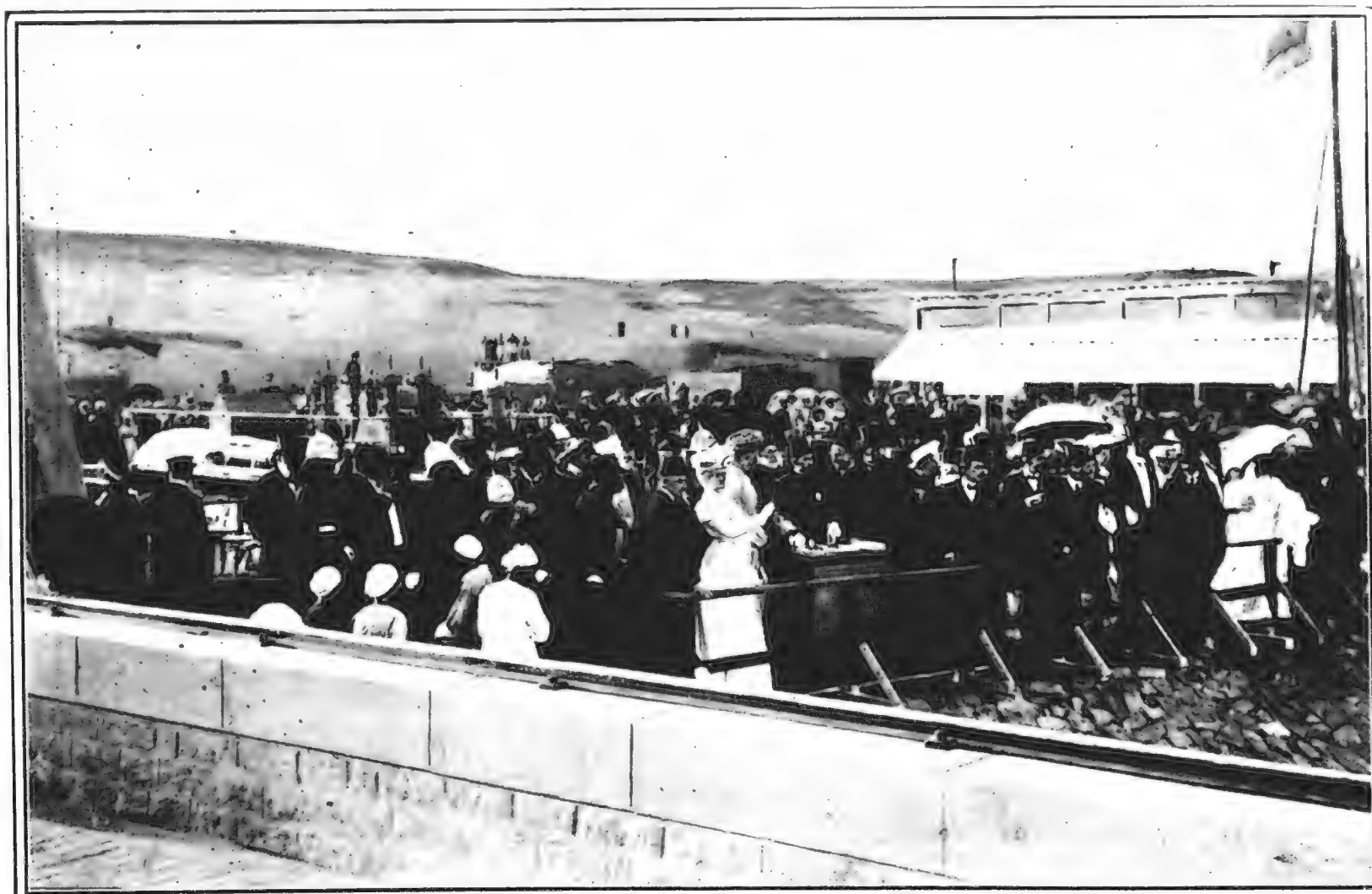


THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY ON TROLLIES

good opening in the new Board Schools. A development of this freely treated classic work, influenced by Flemish and North German styles, is to be seen in the Police Offices on the Thames Embankment, by Norman Shaw, and in the Imperial Institute by Calcott, a more elaborate example, bordering on Italian cinquecento work, is observable. South Kensington Museum, in course of completion, by Aston Webb, and the Albert Hall exhibit the terracotta and ceramic ornamentation of a similar character. One cannot help comparing the respective advantages of stone and terra-cotta as applied to modern buildings. It must be acknowledged that the latter material lends itself to construction where ironwork is

extensively used, but whether in the long run it will be found more economical and durable than stone is a serious question.

Even in church architecture a kind of reaction against the Gothic revival is observable. The most marked departures are the Church of the Oratory at Brompton, in late Italian Renaissance, and the new Cathedral at Westminster, by Mr. J. F. Bentley. Whether, however, these signs of a new departure in ecclesiastical art are simply to be regarded as experiments is a question which time alone can solve. Broadly speaking, it seems probable that Gothic in some modified form will be the ecclesiastical architecture of the twentieth century, and some form of freely treated classic its secular style.



The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have thoroughly enjoyed their visit to Egypt to inaugurate the Nile Dam. On leaving the train at Assuan, the Royal party took their places on special trollies, on which they proceeded along the dam, which is over 2,000 yards in length. In the first trolley were the Khedive and the Duke of Connaught, while the Duchess was in the second. Over the inaugural ceremony the Khedive presided. The Duchess of Connaught laid the final stone, after which the

Duke pulled the switch opening the lock gate, and a number of boats dressed with flags passed out. The Khedive then proceeded to the electric switch to open the sluices of the dam by starting the motors for that purpose. Five sluices were opened in seven minutes. The water rushed through with a roar in great jets, the spray mounting to the top of the dam. Our photographs are by A. L. Henderson.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE NILE DAM AT ASSUAN: THE KHEDIVE AT THE SWITCHBOARD

The Court

CHRISTMAS at Court is a thoroughly family festival. The King and Queen spend the season in their favourite Norfolk home, surrounded by their children and grandchildren, and occasionally a few intimate friends. Their Majesties always attend the Christmas morning Service at Sandringham Church, which is beautifully decorated with flowers from the Royal conservatories, and a family dinner closes the day. The King and Queen distribute an enormous number of presents to Royal relatives at home and abroad, friends and all the members of the various Royal households, while their poorer neighbours are always well remembered. Alike in London, Windsor, and Sandringham, there are gifts of coal, beef and clothing to the poor and the smaller tenants, besides sundry entertainments on the Sandringham estate. Their Majesties take keen personal interest in the matter, and are sometimes present at the distributions of Christmas gifts at Sandringham. They are very staunch to the old customs, and therefore most of Queen Victoria's Christmas charities are kept up, while the traditional baron of beef, game pie, and boar's head, always figure at the Royal dinner-table.

The King and Queen did not leave town for Sandringham till close upon Christmas. His Majesty was very busy with official receptions and audiences—the new Siamese Minister being one of those received. The Investiture was a very big function, as it included many South African honours. King Edward was accompanied by Prince Charles of Denmark and a large suite, the ceremony taking place in the Throne-room at Buckingham Palace. The Orders bestowed were those of the Bath, St. Michael and St. George, the Indian Empire, the Royal Victorian, the Royal Red Cross, the Distinguished Service, and one Albert Medal and one Conspicuous Service Cross, while several gentlemen were also knighted. The Queen and Princesses were much occupied with Christmas shopping, and in the evening the whole party generally went to some theatre.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught spent their Christmas at sea, travelling in the *Kenown* to Bombay. They reached Aden on Sunday, when they went ashore for a short time, and the vessel was expected to reach Bombay on Boxing Day, a grand reception being prepared. Delhi is already filling up with Durbar guests—native princes with gorgeously attired suites and splendid carriages. To prevent any hitch in the great Viceregal procession, numerous rehearsals have been held, particularly with the elephants. The camp looks magnificent, and is so well advanced that only finishing touches have to be put to the buildings.



LORD CURRIE
British Ambassador at Rome, who is retiring

Lord Currie, who has been at home on sick leave, has placed his resignation in the hands of Lord Lansdowne, as the extension of leave granted to him is about to expire. Though his health has much improved it is thought that should he resume his duties at Rome, his further recovery might be retarded. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry.



MR. H. W. BOWEN
United States Minister to Venezuela

Mr. Bowen is the United States Minister at Caracas, Venezuela, and has been authorized to represent British and German interests during the present crisis. Mr. Bowen is a very popular Minister, and is credited with the desire to use his good offices as mediator as far as opportunity offers.

Between 1,500 to 2,000 guests will sit down to the Queen's dinner to-day (Saturday)—all widows or children of those who fell in battle in South Africa, or who died from the effects of the campaign. It will be a monster meal indeed, but the buildings of the Alexandra Trust are big enough to accommodate all the guests at once, the meal being fixed for 2 p.m. True Christmas fare is to be provided—turkey and sausages, roast beef with potatoes and greens, Christmas pudding and mince pies, fruit and crackers. Private generosity also gives mineral waters, a box of chocolate to everyone, and a toy to each child, while the guests will also treasure their pretty invitation cards with the Queen's portrait. After dinner there will be a variety entertainment, due to the kindly help of numerous public artistes, while the guests will have all their travelling expenses paid by the Queen. All that will be wanting for the people's enjoyment will be the presence of the Queen herself.

The Princess of Wales gave birth to a son on Saturday evening. Both mother and son are doing well. The infant prince is the fourth son of the Prince and Princess, who have one daughter, the Princess Victoria, born in 1897.

A Tour in Cyprus

THOSE who are in search of a place to spend a winter holiday should try Cyprus. The island affords to the visitor novel scenes, the population being a strange mixture of Europeans and Orientals. The island is also rich in points of antiquarian and archaeological interest. It is curious, too, to note how old customs and old fashions still prevail in the island. For instance, one of our illustrations shows a pottery dealer. At first sight his wares would appear to be antiques, but they are really made by the man himself. They are precisely similar to the ancient utensils in use in the island from the earliest times. Phœnician, Greek, Roman, Venetian, Turk—all have used just such bottles and jars as these!

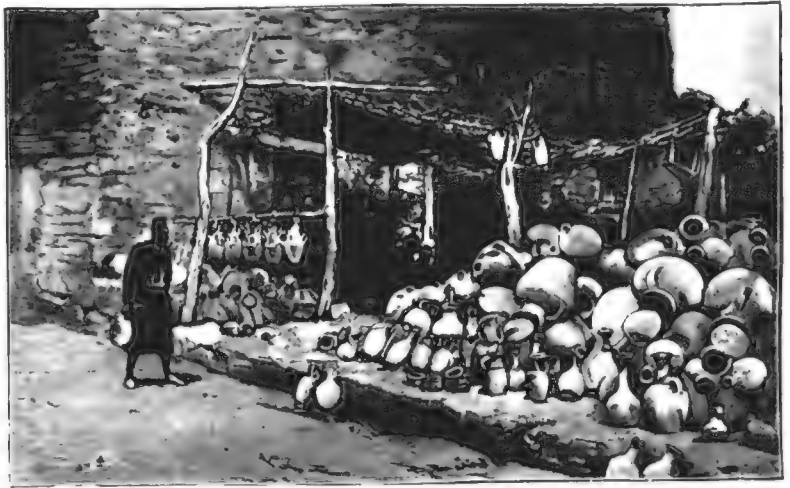
Another illustration represents a good spirited race between Zaptiehs. These races are held at the annual festival of Bairam, and are the great event of the year. The ditch of the fortifications outside the ramparts of Nicosia is the racecourse, and the races are witnessed by thousands of excited Cypriotes. The chief object now upon the shore, once sacred to Paphian Venus, is this stern old Venetian fort, which rises in solitary grandeur from the waves, once cleft by the radiant, sea-born goddess. On this shore were held the rites and sacrifices in her honour.

Papho, the ancient Paphos, of which we have recently heard a good deal through the exploration of the site by the Cyprus Excavation Society, is now only a village. Paphos was one of the most famous of the shrines of Venus, and the Goddess of Beauty was there worshipped in a celebrated temple, of which there are now few remains. It was built upon the very spot where the goddess landed when she arose from the waters of the sea.

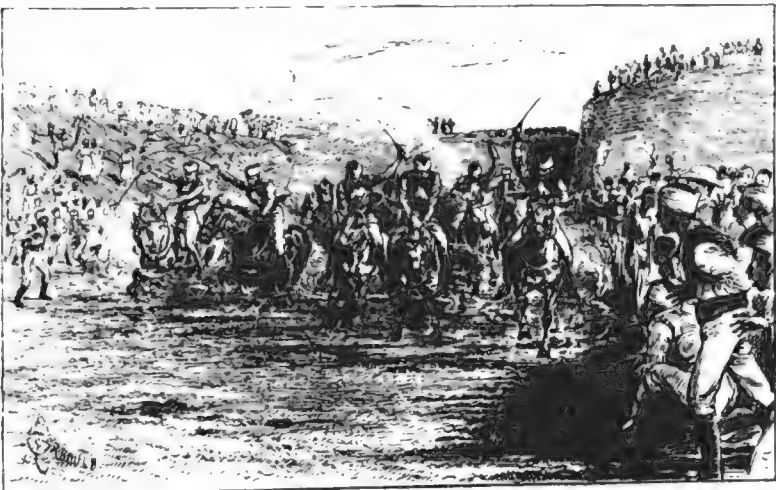
On the height of Troodos, six thousand feet above the sea, is the Government Cottage, a pretty English-looking house, the summer residence of His Excellency the High Commissioner. Upon Troodos also is pitched the summer camp of the troops in Cyprus, and a more healthful and delightful camping-ground cannot be imagined. The principal English residents in the island also spend their summers among the cool breezes of the mountain. Here, upon Troodos, is the only remnant of the great forests which once completely clothed the beautiful island. At the time of the Egyptian occupation immense quantities of timber were cut down and exported to Egypt. On Troodos are splendid specimens of the *Pinus Laricio*, which clothe the slopes at an altitude of 4,500 feet and upwards. The Aleppo Pine also grows to great size, and furnishes the greater part of the forests.



GOVERNMENT COTTAGE AT TROODOS



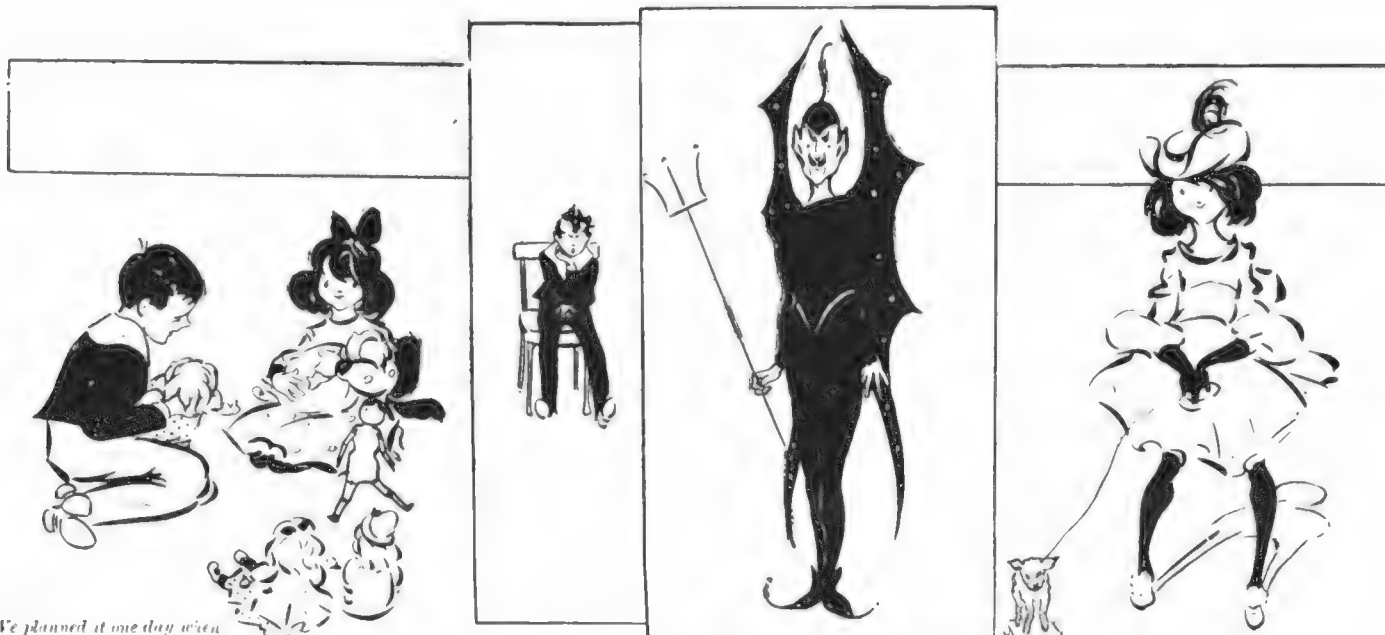
MAKING POTTERY AT FAMAGUSTA



ZAPTIEH SPORTS AT NICOSIA



AN OLD VENETIAN PORT

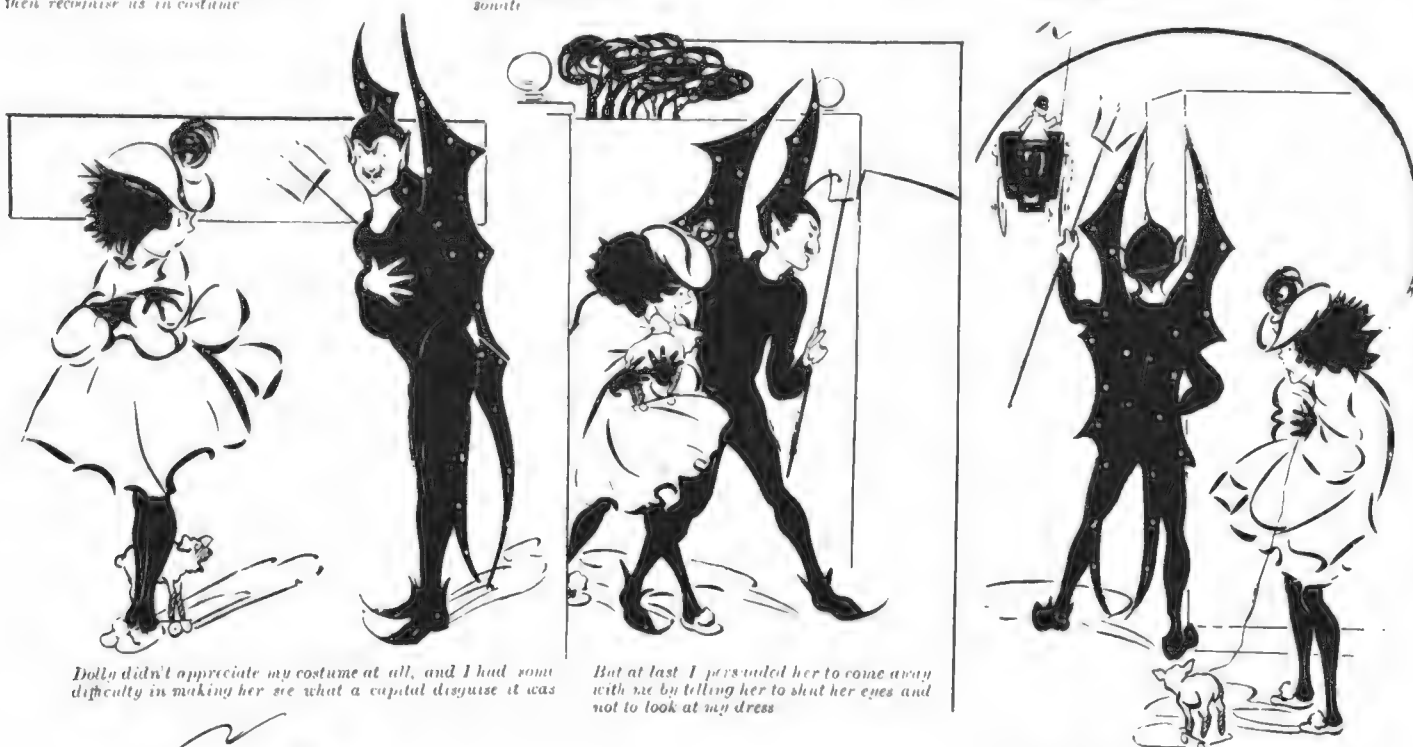


We planned it one day when I went to play dolls with her. We settled to try it after the Ponsonby's fancy dress ball on Christmas Eve, because no one would then recognize us in costume.

I spent a cool deal of time wondering whom I should persuade.

And finally came to the conclusion that I would go as Mephistopheles.

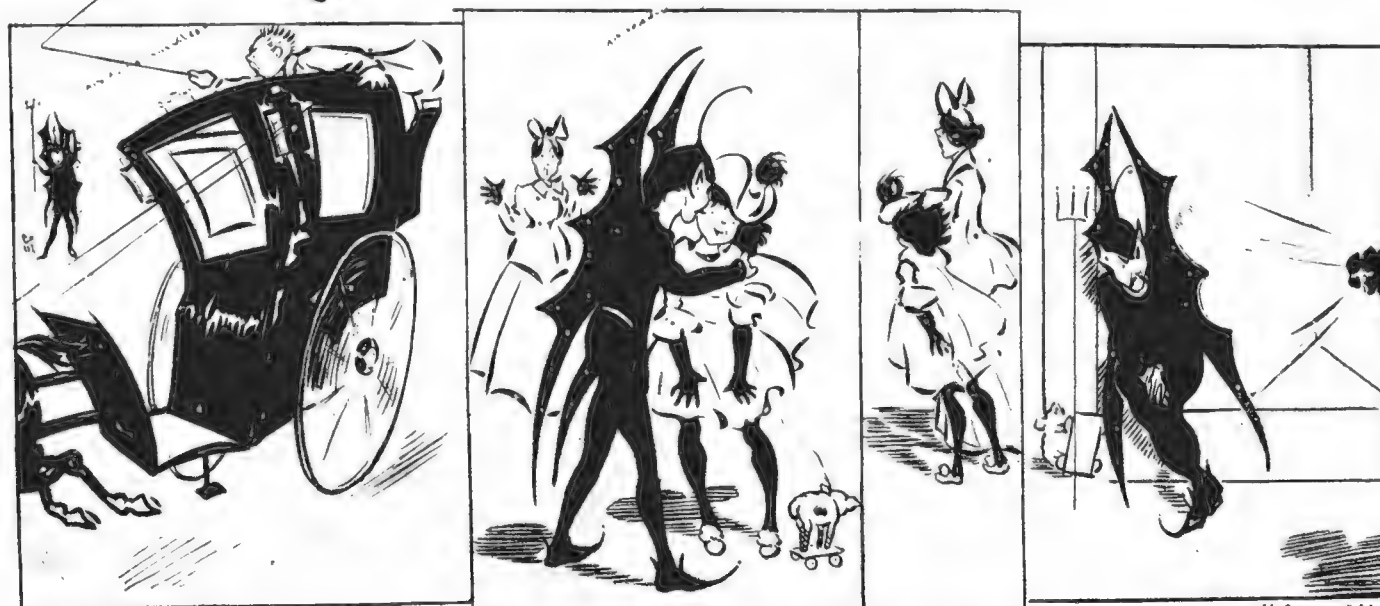
I advised Dolly to go as something very original, so she arrived as Mary with a Little Lamb.



Dolly didn't appreciate my costume at all, and I had some difficulty in making her see what a capital disguise it was.

But at last I persuaded her to come away with me by telling her to shut her eyes and not to look at my dress.

We hailed a cab, as Dolly was feeling cold.



But at sight of me the cabby turned and fled as though he had seen a ghost.

After this Dolly broke down, and as I was trying to comfort her there came round the corner her governess.

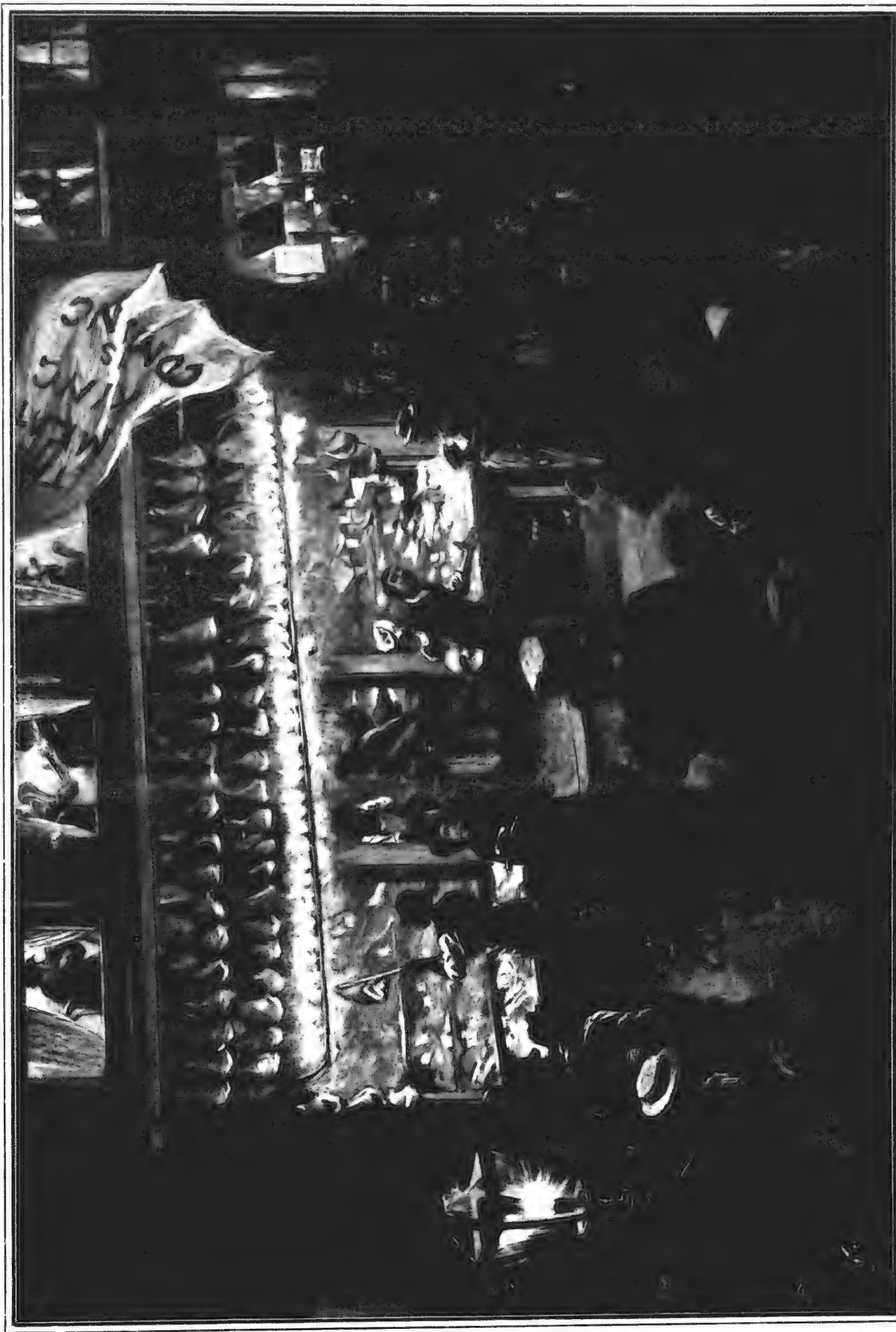
Who straightway marched her home.

And I was left forlornly on a doorstep until a policeman advised me to "Move on."

H. COWHAM

DOLLY'S CHRISTMAS ELOPEMENT: A SEQUEL TO A CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL

DRAWN BY HILDA COWHAM



Bills have been up and flags hung out for some days, announcing that "The Meat King is coming," and on the evening, day a rowdy brass band parades the neighbourhood streets, in the evening playing in the rooms above the shop while the shopkeeper and his assistant do their best, shouting, singing and dancing to the band, to attract attention and eclipse their older rivals.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING: THE OPENING OF NEW PREMISES IN A POOR NEIGHBOURHOOD

DRAWN BY ARTHUR RACKHAM, A.R.W.S.



"CROMWELL AT DUNBAR"

FROM THE PAINTING BY A. C. GOW, R.A. PURCHASED BY THE CHANTREY FUND AND NOW IN THE TATE GALLERY. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF



"CROMWELL AT DUNBAR"

GOW, R.A. PURCHASED BY THE CHANTREY FUND AND NOW IN THE TATE GALLERY. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY



BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

"ST. JOSEPH WITH THE CHILD JESUS"

FROM THE PAINTING BY MURILLO IN THE HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG

THREE YEARS IN THE HEART OF ASIA-II.

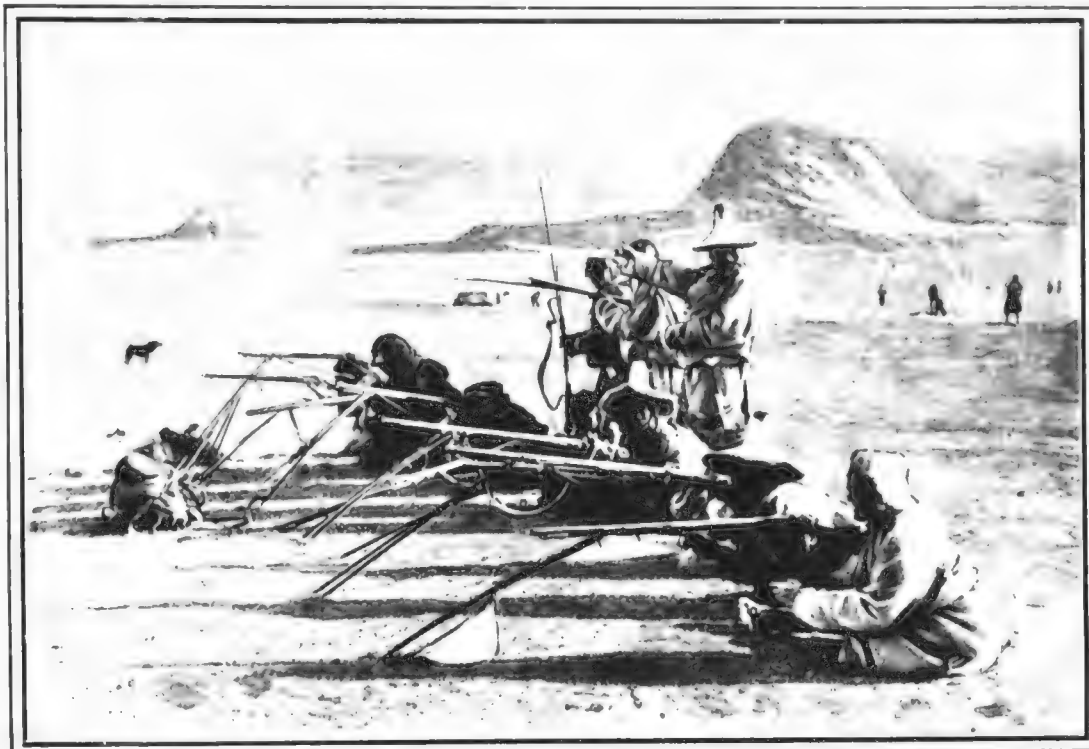
WRITTEN BY DR. SVEN HEDIN AND ILLUSTRATED FROM HIS SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS

I do not know that I have oftener felt a keener joy than when, towards the end of this journey, we caught our first glimpse of a tamarisk away on the southern horizon. It was like the dove with the olive branch: it told us that this "ocean" of desert really had a shore, and that we were near the end of our troubles and difficulties. One camel had given in, and the others were half dead with fatigue. They would want a long, long rest, before they were fit for another journey.

During the whole of the following winter and spring (1899-1900) my headquarters were at Yanghi-koll. It was there I kept my stores and my boxes, and always at least one-half of my caravan animals and men. As a rule, when I was absent myself, the camp was left in the charge of two of my Cossacks. His Majesty Oscar, King of Sweden and Norway, graciously gave me generous pecuniary assistance towards the preparation of my journey. His Majesty the Emperor of Russia kindly placed at my disposal four faithful and excellent Cossacks, who rendered me services which were in every way invaluable.

From Yanghi-koll I undertook several long excursions. In the course of one of these I had the good fortune to discover the ruins of the ancient Chinese town of Lou-lan, which was at the height of its prosperity about the year 270 A.D. At that period the country round about was like a vast garden, intersected by canals and traversed by roads, with many prosperous villages surrounded by cornfields, while the great highway which connected China with the West passed through the region from end to end. At the present day that same country does not contain a single trace of organic life. Even the very hardiest of the desert plants does not venture to spring up there; not one insect breaks the grim silence of the desert. The barrenness of utter desolation is manifest in whichever direction you turn.

Whilst excavating the site of this ancient town we made an important discovery of Chinese MSS., dating from the third century, a discovery which is calculated to throw a flood of light upon the far distant past of the interior of Asia. When the heat of summer began to make its influence felt, we all turned our eyes longingly towards the mountains, which rose up like a snow-clad wall in the South. Accordingly we struck camp, went up amongst the



THE TIBETAN SOLDIERS WHO TURNED THE EXPLORER BACK, FIRING

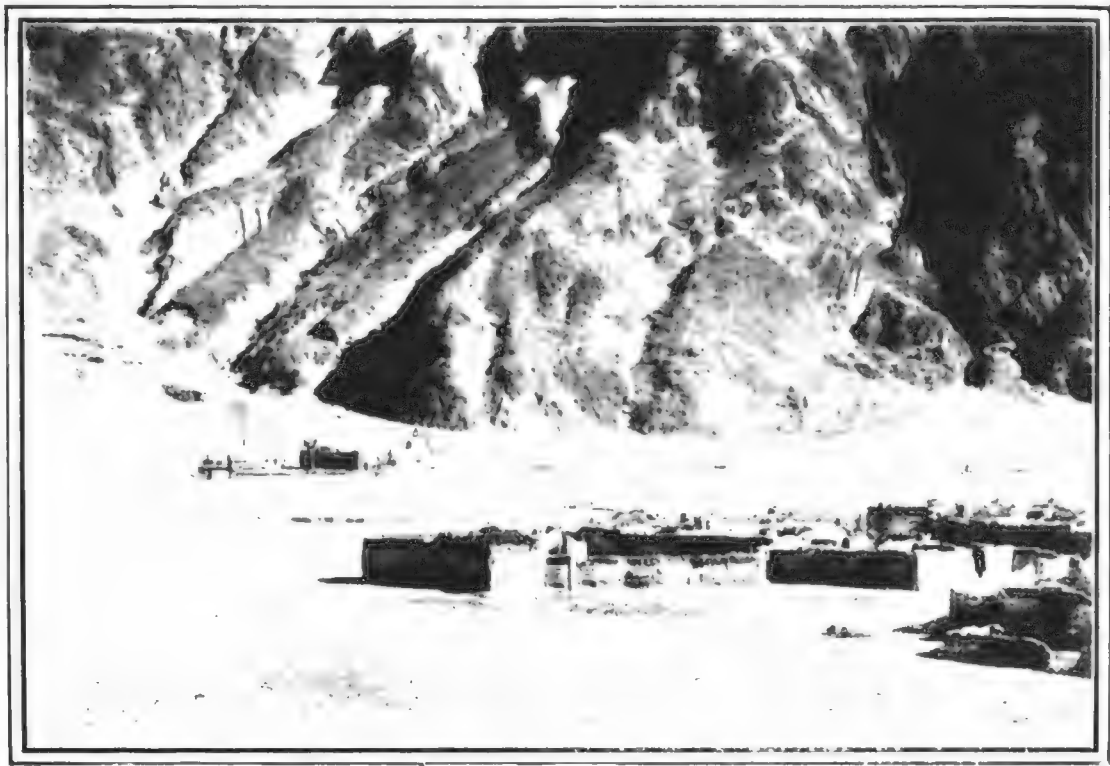


A BURIED CITY: EXCAVATING ON THE SITE OF THE ANCIENT TOWN OF LOU-LAN

mountains, and established a new camp in the Valley of Chimon. From that point I made an expedition still further to the south, and explored the East of Tibet. This again proved a serious undertaking. For three months we did not see a vestige of a human being, and we had almost unparalleled difficulties to contend against. Imagine a region where the ground is so softened by the everlasting rain and mud, that the camels and horses sink deeply into it at every step. We only advanced at a snail's pace; but it was too much for the animals. Their strength gave out, and they died one after the other, leaving me with an ever diminishing caravan. When the hailstorms burst upon us in all their inconceivable fury, we had no alternative but to stop. It was impossible to see your hand before your face, impossible to keep your eyes open. And in those lofty altitudes, where the atmospheric pressure is only one-half of what it is at a normal level, and the atmosphere itself lacks sufficient oxygen to purify the blood, you experience the utmost difficulty in breathing.

During the course of this journey I discovered a very large salt lake. It was not more than seven feet deep, and its bottom was covered with a solid deposit of salt. The day I rowed across it the sun shone in all his glory, and the air was light and translucent, and the lake glittered like a mirror. Yet there was not a sign of life in any direction. The Dead Sea itself could not present a picture of more hopeless desolation. In August I explored an extraordinary lake region, consisting of a perfect labyrinth of lakes, separated from one another by bare and sterile mountain ridges. My boatman, Kutchuk of Lop, paddled me in my English collapsible boat across one of these lakes. When we were half way across, there swooped down upon us one of the terrific hailstorms which are so common in that region. After a few minutes the lake was churned up into frothy waves, and our little cockleboat danced up and down like a cork. Our position was very critical. It took us all our time to preserve our balance. We were in imminent danger. Nevertheless we struggled gamely on, and at last flung ourselves, half dead with weariness and stiff with cold, upon the barren shore of the lake.

I question if there are more than one or two regions in the world which present greater obstacles or greater difficulties in the way of the traveller than Tibet. Both the country itself and the



THE VILLAGE OF NOH IN WEST TIBET



A GLACIER NEAR THE KARA KORUM PASS



A PERILOUS VOYAGE: DR. SVEN HEDIN AND HIS BOATMAN, KUTCHUK, IN A STORM WHILE CROSSING A LAKE

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, R.I., FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY DR. SVEN HEDIN

inhabitants are hostile, and the stranger has to fight against both. In May, 1901, when I again started south, to try and make my way to Lhasa, I prepared for every eventuality, and took with me a caravan of four Cossacks, thirty Mohammedan Asiatics, one Mongol lama, thirty-nine camels, forty-five horses and mules, and seventy asses. Of these there perished during the journey four men, thirty camels, forty-four horses, and every one of the asses. Our road was a veritable *via dolorosa*, a road of blood and tears.

A great part of the caravan died before ever we reached the region of moderately good grazing. But after we did reach it, I made another permanent camp, and from there, with two of my people, all disguised as Mongols, attempted to reach the holy city of Thibet. My head was shaved bare and smeared over with fat and soot. Every article of my equipment was of Mongol make, even our provisions were of Mongol origin, and during the whole time I and my two companions lived like genuine Mongols.

After two days of hard riding we encamped on the shore of a little salt lake. Down to that point we were accompanied by one of the

towards the south, keeping a sharp look-out against robbers, who might pounce upon us at any moment. On the evening of the ninth day we pitched our camp near certain black tents, and had just turned our beasts out to graze, when a band of Thibetans rode up to our tent and told us we were their prisoners, and that if we took another step forward it would cost us our lives. There was accordingly nothing for it but to remain quietly where we were and await the development of events. On the following morning, to our consternation, we saw troops of mounted men gathering from every quarter. They came and pitched their tents close to ours. Then they formed up in one body, and with dangling rein charged straight down upon us at full gallop. But, a few paces before they reached us, the stream of galloping horsemen divided, and yelling out the wildest war cries and brandishing their lances and spears above their heads, rode past us on both sides. Their attitude was decidedly militant and aggressive, and we thought our last moment had come. My interpreter, the Mongol lama, was convinced they were only seeking for a favourable opportunity to kill us, especially when they

forming quite a little town all round our one modest camp. Kamba Bombo sent and invited us to visit him; but, fearing to do so, I declined his invitation, being resolved that if our lives were to be taken we would first see what use we could make of our revolvers.

The result of this was that Kamba Bombo, together with all his staff, arrayed in magnificent robes of State, and, with their weapons drawn, rode up to our tent. A short distance away they dismounted, and advanced on foot. Kamba Bombo at once turned to me and, greeting me politely, informed me he had orders from Lhasa to prevent us from travelling any further towards the south. They had been told by certain Yak hunters, who had seen us farther to the north, that a large caravan was approaching from that direction, and they had therefore kept watch along the frontier. For some little time we conversed outside my tent; then Kamba Bombo accepted my invitation and stepped inside and sat down, and so continued the conversation. Before taking his departure he made me a present of two valuable horses and a large quantity of provisions, and announced that he had appointed a guard of twenty mounted men



"THIEVES!": DR. SVEN HEDIN'S PARTY LOSE TWO OF THEIR BEST HORSES

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON, FROM MATERIALS SUPPLIED BY DR. SVEN HEDIN

Mohammedans, to look after our horses, of which we had four, and after our mules, of which we had five, so that—at any rate during the first two nights—we might sleep in peace. But that night we were still in our first sleep when our watchman came running into our tent shouting, "Robbers! Robbers!" We seized our rifles and rushed out. The moon lit up the night with her pale, cold beams, and over the hills to the south we saw a party of horsemen disappearing, driving our two best horses on before them. To pursue them was, of course, out of the question. For we all knew, we might be surrounded by an entire band of robbers. Besides that, we were utterly ignorant of the lie of the country, whereas the Thibetans knew it, of course, well. My Cossack, a Buriat by race, fired two or three shots after the thieves, but with no effect. For the rest of that night we remained awake, and when the rising sun began to redden the eastern sky, we struck tent and moved on again.

For nine successive days we three pilgrims rode steadily on

dismounted and began to shoot. The day passed, however, without bloodshed. At night our tent was surrounded by a ring of outposts nearly forty in number; wherever we looked we saw their campfires gleaming red through the rainy atmosphere. An old lama came and told us we need be under no apprehension, our lives were safe; and notwithstanding their unrestrained demonstrations of hostility, the inhabitants of the district treated us with the greatest friendliness, and supplied us with everything we needed in the way of provisions and fuel. The chiefs of the men who had arrested us gave us to understand that we must stay where we were until the arrival of the Governor of Naktchu, to whom they had sent word of our arrest.

After the lapse of five days that dignitary, one Kamba Bombo, duly arrived. He was a man of forty years of age and full of energy, but of a pleasant appearance, and was accompanied by an escort of close upon seventy officers, officials, and lamas. In a brief space their blue and white tents sprang up like mushrooms,

and three officers to escort us back to our main camp. The impression which was made upon me by the Thibetans, both here in the vicinity of Lhasa, and later all the way to the western frontier of the country, was an extremely favourable one. Amongst all the Asiatic races with whom I have come into contact there is none who have awakened my interest more keenly than the Thibetans. They were always perfectly open and friendly disposed, and although their fear of us as strangers often made them shy, and difficult of approach, they never on any occasion refused to supply us with whatever we needed. I confess I saw not the slightest justification for certain sensational accounts which have been written about them. Childish fables find a ready soil even in the forbidden country. And both now and always, I shall be glad of every opportunity to defend these sagacious and interesting people against the erroneous impressions of them which certain false prophets have tried to implant in the minds of an uncritical and credulous public.

A Day in a South Sea Trader's Life

It is still dark with the Cimmerian darkness that precedes the tropic dawn. Through dreams of Bond Street and Piccadilly, with floating roseate visions of cosy club dinners and boxes at the "Empire," comes a totally irrelevant rap, rap, rap. Now what on earth does the waiter mean by carrying a walking-stick and feeling his way with it like a blind man? Then suddenly Bond Street, the club, the "Empire" are twelve thousand miles away, and some one is knocking at my bedroom window. For the thousandth time I make up my mind to change my sleeping apartment, and sit up the lean-to at the back as a bedroom. It isn't as spacious as my present cubicle, and with its northerly aspect and lower roof is very much hotter, but it is at the back, and no beastly native can reach the window from the road. But while I am still inwardly resolving, the tap-tapping goes on, with interjectory persuasive "Faka mole mole, tazata riki!"—I beg your pardon, Sir—at intervals.

"Kohai?" Who is it? I ask.

"Kiau, Motua-poaka." "I, Old Pig," in the vernacular, and I roll off my mats, and step out on the verandah just as the grey dawn breaks. At the store door stands a burly native, clad in a tattered *vata*, or waistcloth, of *gutu*, the native cloth, and bearing a huge knife, whose blade is eighteen inches long. Motua-poaka is a good deal of a swell in his way, and immensely proud of his hereditary cognomen of "Old Pig."

"What do you mean by kicking up such a row in the middle of the night?" I ask.

"Faka mole mole!"—the everlasting Tongan deprecatory remark; almost as common as, "Katabi"—wait a bit—"I am going to my *opi* to plant yams, and I have no matches."

"And you come and wake me up at five in the morning for a box of matches! Clear out of this!"

But the old rascal knows well that I am not going back to bed, so he begins a long rigmarole of which every fourth word is a "faka mole mole," and every sixth some adjective complimentary to my physical and mental endowments. Then he throws two coconuts over the fence and I toss him a small box of Swedish safety matches, wherewith he goes off in a cloud of compliments.

A yawn or two, and I fill my old black cutty with navy plug, smuggled from the last man of-war that visited the islands, suck a couple of oranges, light up, and then go and rouse my Niue boy. In half an hour he brings me a big mug of excellent locally grown coffee, which, with a ship-biscuit and some bananas, forms the regulation early breakfast. That despatched, I open the store, and whilst the boy is sweeping out the place, I attend to two or three early customers who come in with *mataka*—the cut-up kernel of the coconut, which, when dry, forms the copra of commerce—fungus, and other circulating media. Weighing the *mataka*, of course, gives rise to much friendly argument, the vendor insisting that my scales are wrong, and I calling him every insulting name I can recall or invent. But it is all in good-fellowship, part of the business, and finally matters are adjusted on a satisfactory basis; the *mataka* is spread out on the *pali pali*, or platform, to dry, or, if it is already dried, thrown into the copra shed. The vendor becomes purchaser, and we adjourn to the store, where he and his family turn over half my stock of trade goods before deciding on what to spend the value of his produce. However, even that is satisfactorily adjusted in the end, and he goes away happy and proud with a couple of fathoms of flaming cotton print, a big knife, an undershirt, and a stick of twist tobacco.

By the time I have served my morning customers, the Niue boy has breakfast nearly ready, so I run down to the sea, have a glorious swim, then back to the house, where a shower bath "takes out the

salt," a fresh suit of pyjamas—the up country traders' full dress—and as ten o'clock strikes I sit down hungry.

But what is this? Only tinned beef, yam and biscuit? My Niue boy wants waking up. When a trader has to tackle "tinned stuff" something has to go. Sucking-pig is a luxury, fowls are for high days and holidays, but when my boy cannot raise at least eggs and fresh fish, or a squid, or a pigeon, there is going to be trouble. So Joe gets a wiggling, but as he also gets the greater part of my rejected breakfast, instead of only his proper share, I fear the admonition does not do much good. Tinned beef is a delicacy to the Niuean palate. Meanwhile, I hunt round and find a tin of sausages and a pot of marmalade, and abuse the country generally and a trader's life in particular. Breakfast cleared away, and trade being always very slack in the daytime, I stroll round the *api*, or section, look at my horses eating their bananas, superintendent Joe

alcoholic drink of the tropics, the Holland gin of the trader—and the sun being now well over the foreyard, I take an observation.

"Lost Sir Massingberd" drops to the floor. The cherished cutty falls beside it, and an hour's nap makes the world feel as if life was worth living after all. I feel in so extravagant a mood that when Joe brings me a biscuit and piece of cheese, I open a pint bottle of lager beer. Why *pint* I wonder? It holds but little more than a glassful.

And by the time the pipe is well lit again trade brightens up a bit. True, there are no large customers; children with nuts to exchange for "colliers," matches, &c.; women for tins of beef or fish, or for a few yards of print. *Mataka*, as a rule, comes in only in the morning and evening, but I am kept fairly busy till about four o'clock, when the men begin to come in from their plantations, bringing basket upon basket of green *mataka*. Of course,

I do not stop weighing to pay for each lot; with such dilatory purchasers one could never weigh one-tenth of the produce brought in. A ticket for the amount due is given to each man, which is always good for its full value.

Thus, to-day I give Tovi a ticket for two dollars and one shilling, the value of his green nut. Tomorrow morning Mrs. Tovi will call and buy a shilling tin of beef. A new line of bright-coloured prints, judiciously displayed, may take her eye, and she spends two shillings more. Three shillings is noted on the ticket, which now represents but six shillings.

By nightfall I have weighed in, on a good day, three-quarters to a ton of *mataka*, which will yield me eight to ten hundredweight of copra. Whereupon I open the store for half an hour or so, and serve as many customers as come along.

Then a bath and a clean suit of pyjamas, and I am ready for dinner.

The morning's wiggling has done Joe good; he sends up a delicious *faka* (squid) soup, a fine fried mullet, a pork chop—I wonder who has been killing a pig?—and a dish of oranges and bananas, "ladies' fingers," at that, with a splendid pineapple. With another pint of lager and a cup of really good black coffee ends a dinner thoroughly appreciated by a hungry man, and my day's work is all but done. I attend to my bookkeeping, of a very primitive sort, noting the amount of *mataka* bought and the total of my cash sales for the day, and then close up the store.

By this time it is almost half-past eight, and my internal organisation cries out for *kava*. Standing on my verandah I emit a weird cry, well known to all my native neighbours, but calculated to astonish any unwary *pepalagi* who chances to be within earshot. An answering laugh is soon followed by two girls, daughters of one of my neighbours, who sit down demurely on the verandah, whilst Joe brings out the *kumete*, the stones, the *fau*, the mat, the jug of water, the *tokonaki*, or paraphernalia of the *fai kava*. I produce a nice piece of root, and throw it to the girls, and soon the rhythmic beat of the stones as they pound the *kava* attracts visitors—everybody has a prescriptive right to join in a *fai kava*—and the verandah gets thronged with all the old folks of the neighbourhood. They beg a bit of tobacco and some matches, and make themselves comfortable whilst, if I am in the humour, I sit and listen to their

humour, I sit and listen to their stories *acti temporis*, their gossip about their contemporaries, or else my look and the unflinching pipe derive an added charm from the murmur around, and I feel as must have done the patriarchs of old.

Perhaps the girls, more especially if there are any young men present, will start a song, or one of the elders challenges me to a game of draughts, wherein I am generally ignominiously defeated; at *snipi*, a sort of casino, I can generally hold my own.

And so the evening passes till about eleven o'clock, when I put an end to the *fai kava*, dismiss my visitors, and walk round the place to see that all the gates are shut and sheds secure. Home, and while the final pipe is being consumed, put up just one nip of "square" to settle the *kava*. That done, and the lamps extinguished, I turn into my mats to sleep as well as the mosquitoes lagging angrily outside the net will permit.

And so, good-night!



Jeddah is the port at which the pilgrims land to proceed to Mecca. Our photograph, which is by G. Gués, was taken on the feast of Arafat

A NEGRO DANCE AT JEDDAH

raking over and turning the drying *mataka*, feed the fowls and pigs with a few handfuls of scraped coconut, stroll round the little garden patch, and then, as the sun mounts high, back to the verandah and the short pipe.

Some thoughtful fellow at the head station has sent up a parcel of tattered "yellow backs" and a miscellaneous assortment of old magazines—all odd numbers—by the last copra boat, and I sit down in a long deck chair to renew my acquaintance with "Lost Sir Massingberd." But the tame *pekas*, or flying foxes, think it time they were attended to, and crawl all over me, searching for a mummy apple; the Eua parrot screams for notice and some bread and sugar; the two fox-terriers look eagerly at the little lizards darting all over the verandah; the big cat blinks round benignly, and Joe brings me a huge jug filled with a beverage cunningly compounded from fresh limes, sugar, and water. Careful search produces yet one bottle of "square face"—the almost universal

tal-tubuas, or legends, their stories *acti temporis*, their gossip about their contemporaries, or else my look and the unflinching pipe derive an added charm from the murmur around, and I feel as must have done the patriarchs of old.

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"Place aux Games"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

CHRISTMAS is upon us, and the most important part of it, Christmas fare. It has long been the accepted rule that this is a period of gormandising, when food looms large in the eyes of all men, and merry-making consists chiefly in eating and drinking. By degrees, however, this material view of Christmas has lost all charm for the higher classes, who fare sumptuously all the year round. They content themselves with adding a roast turkey stuffed with chestnuts and a plum-pudding surrounded with flaming brandy to their usual fare, and consider themselves as having thus paid the debt of honour. Good dinners at Christmas only appeal now to the poor and the children, who enjoy unusual dainties. Greediness is reserved for people like the prisoner who, receiving more food than usual, gorged himself in order to be placed in the infirmary. If we eat oftener and more luxuriously than our forefathers, at any rate our diet is lighter and more varied and more dainty. Just as drinking is now out of fashion in the best society, so is gormandising at Christmas. We still see the butchers' shops crammed with fat beef and decorated with holly and ivy, but the sight of these greasy joints in their setting of evergreens suggests rather nausea than enjoyment. We have become delicate feeders when we are not dieting ourselves.

Christmas, however, is still the children's season. Christmas trees, introduced to England by the late Queen Victoria, children's parties, children's dances, still occupy our thoughts; while children's plays, independent of pantomime, form a new and popular feature of entertainment. These plays are chiefly acted by children for children, and no doubt serve a good purpose, just as private charades and school plays did. They serve also to bring out a quantity of precocious talent, and to show that grace and intelligence are not confined to grown-ups. Children are naturally extraordinarily fond of acting; not always to their moral advantage, as was discovered by that astute lady, Madame de Maintenon, after the success of her schoolgirls at St. Cyr. So elated were the pupils, and so far did their fame reach after playing *Athalie* and *Esther*, that their wise directress ordered the practice to be abolished.

On the whole, perhaps, we amuse our children too much nowadays, for in games are to be developed much character and imagination. Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, the famous authoress, discoursing on the subject in a contemporary, thinks "That everything has got mechanical. Things are made too easy for children nowadays; so much is done for them, thought out for them, constructed for them, that their imagination is consequently stunted. Poets, novelists, actors, artists of any kind, how can



THE VENEZUELAN CRISIS: A MEETING OF PRESIDENT CASTRO'S CABINET

From a Photograph by Hare

they be, unless they have had their dreams in childhood?" This is true, indeed, for where children believe neither in fairies nor in Santa Claus, nor in any of the imaginative thoughts and mysteries of childhood, when their books deal only with sordid realities, when neither Dickens nor Shakespeare appeals to them, when the *Arabian Nights* leave them cold, and they have become practical and critical in their tender years, what will they be like as men and women? Children are far happier with few and well-loved toys, playing alone with no assistance from mother or nurse, than they are with the newest mechanical toys and expensive playthings scattered broadcast on the floor, and an obedient acolyte ready to amuse them, without an effort on their part.

Books are so lovely this year in appearance and dress, their covers are so dainty, their leaves so glossy and white, that one feels

inclined to quote an extract from the chapter "on the melody of books," an old work just republished. "Walking should invariably precede reading" might be carefully observed as a motto by the working man, while "those who do not fear to eat fruit or cheese over an open book, or carelessly carry a cup to and from the mouth" might be laid to heart by the young lady who reads over her tea. Buttered toast or hot cakes are apt to show their greasy traces on the leaves, while the man who smokes in bed reading often leaves a burnt hole in the book as well as in the sheets. To break a book's back is to the true lover almost as great a sin as to break a child's back, while the person who opens a book so wide as to detach the leaves and perhaps lose them, is as foolish as he is careless. Women, I fear, are terrible offenders in the care of books, and yet pretty volumes form an ornament to the house as well as a treasure to the reader.



The Lord Mayor, on Saturday, laid the foundation-stone at the Old Bal ey of the new Central Criminal Court, and afterwards gave a luncheon at the Mansion House in celebration of the occasion. Among those who took part in the proceedings were the Lord Chancellor, Lord Justice Mathew, the Recorder,

Mr. Justice Grantham, Sir A. Collins, K.C., and Mr. C. G. Alger, Chairman of the City Lands Committee, who is shown in our illustration making a preliminary statement. The new building stands on part of the site of old Newgate Prison, and the cost is estimated at 250,000.

THE NEW CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT: THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION-STONE

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET

The Theatres

BY W. MOY THOMAS

"THE WATER-BABIES"

THE task of Mr. Rutland Barrington in preparing Charles Kingsley's immortal "Water-Babies" for the stage of the GARRICK has been one of some difficulty, and it need hardly be said that, having regard to his necessary limitations, the adaptor has been compelled to pass over many passages which stand forth prominently in the book. The Moliarian satire upon pedantic members of the medical profession has, of course, disappeared, and we hear no more of Hippocrates or Feuchtersleben; but the truculent Mr. Grimes is very much to the fore, and more important still, from the point of view of the younger members of the audience who delight to meet old favourites again, the wonderful adventures of his victim, little Tom the chimney-sweep, both above ground and deep down among the rocks and tangled maze of the abode of the water-babies, are still like the gables of the Maypole Inn, more than a lazy man would care to count. Altogether, the happy blend of humour and fancy is faithfully preserved, and this will probably take rank as one of the prettiest and most refined of all the Christmas entertainments. The piece, which extends over three acts, is very picturesquely mounted, and is, moreover, admirably acted. Miss Nellie Bowman's Tom is inexhaustible in his vivacity and nimbleness, not to speak of the many touches of pathos with which this clever young actress imparts truth and variety to the portrait. Mr. Darleigh's Grimes, who, in his stolid brutality, though not in his final repentance, reminds one somewhat of Sykes in "Oliver Twist," displays real creative power, and Miss Marion Draughn, who plays not only the Queen of the Fairies but the Irishwoman and Mrs. Doasywouldbedoneby, contributes not a little to the charm of the piece by her stately presence, her clear enunciation, and her fine voice. The crowning triumph of the stage management is the remarkable efficiency of the numerous juvenile performers, who go through their dances and their choruses with a sprightliness and a precision altogether admirable. The piece is provided with tuneful music by Mr. Frederick Rosse, whose contributions in this way have been supplemented with additional numbers by Mr. Albert Fox and the late Mr. Alfred Cellier. Here we may note that, while *The Water-Babies* will be repeated every afternoon throughout the holiday season, Mr. Esmond's new comedy, *My Lady Virtue*, will continue to hold its place in the evening bill.

"THE CHRISTIAN KING"

As a panorama of the life of Alfred, *The Christian King* is a great success; but a play requires something more than a succession of fine pictures or series of historical episodes. It was incumbent on Mr. Wilson Barrett, who, it will be observed, is the author as well as the leading actor of the play, to provide himself with a story, and this story, having regard to the lofty tone of the historical vein, could hardly fail to have a strong tendency to melodramatic exaggeration. The love of the sweet and gentle Queen Elswitha for her husband, and her fidelity and constancy through all his vicissitudes of fortune, are very tenderly and prettily portrayed by Miss Edyth Latimer; but it has been deemed expedient to represent the King as constantly under temptation to conjugal faithlessness owing to the furious passion and the unscrupulous devices of a certain Princess Zebuda, a Mercian spy who, aided by a sinister Dane described as "Cedroc the Scandinavian," brings all the power of her beauty and personal charm to bear on the not wholly unimpressionable monarch. Numberless are the exciting situations which arise from this effort to show the King, as an official note says, engaged in "unceasing struggles with himself to gain mastery over his earthly passions," but no one of them is very convincing. They include two attempts to murder the Queen—one by poison in the Royal Castle, the other with a dagger, when Elswitha is sojourning as a prisoner in the Danish camp, and they end with the suicide of this terrible person. It is evident that the association of the King with the well-worn expedients of suburban melodrama must necessarily detract from the dignity of so great a historical personage. Mr. Wilson Barrett, none the less, plays the part of the King with immense energy, coupled with a nice sense of the lights and shades of the part, receiving valuable aid from the force and sincerity of Miss Lillah McCarthy's impersonation of the too terrible Zebuda, and Mr. Wigney Percival's sombre portrait of the treacherous Cedroc. Miss Alice Crawford also deserves praise for her clever performance of a sort of West-Saxon Audrey, who speaks English with a Somersetshire accent of these days.

"A LITTLE UN-FAIRY PRINCESS"

The accomplished author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy* has once more given proof of her rare command over the feelings of her audiences in the new fanciful play brought out this week, by way of an afternoon entertainment, at the SHAFTESBURY Theatre. *A Little Un-fairy Princess* deals with the sorrows of a boarding-school Cinderella—a charming little pupil who, favoured and flattered by a mercenary and self-seeking schoolmistress while the pupil's father, who is in India, is reputed to be the possessor of boundless wealth, is insulted and cruelly treated when the news arrives that the Anglo-Indian has died in embarrassed circumstances, leaving his orphan daughter destitute. In the last act we find Mr. Carlsford, the ruined partner in the deceased Anglo-Indian's unwise speculations, now a wealthy man again, and like Mr. Sampson Brass's lodger, industriously endeavouring to discover the whereabouts of the child, and bestow upon her her share of the re-acquired wealth. The part of the persecuted heroine is played by that marvellous young actress, Miss Beatrice Terry, with a truthfulness, a freedom from all tendency to exaggeration, and a command of pathetic expression altogether astonishing in so young a performer. Such a

host of juvenile talent as Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's piece has been fortunate enough to enlist for her play is probably without precedent; but the acting of the grown-up members of the class—notably that of Miss Zerbini as the hateful boarding-school mistress, Miss Beatrice Ferrar as the romping schoolgirl Ermyngarde, Mr. Beveridge as Mr. Carlsford, and Mr. Julian Cross as the chief of the native Indian servants—was also worthy of high praise.

"BROWN AT BRIGHTON"

Mr. Fenton Mackay's *Brown at Brighton* is a farce of the bustling kind, in which each personage seems to strive to outstrip every other in the way of riotous extravagance. Its opening scenes are laid in an inconceivable boarding-house, where the proprietress flirts with aged guests, and the young lady visitors exhibit a decidedly "coming-on disposition" towards all the young male visitors. The story springs from the proceedings of Mr. Bertie Brown, who, having come down to the seaside to study "for exams," allows a runaway couple to assume his name, whence he becomes a victim to all the ills which mistaken identity on the stage is heir to, even to a narrow escape of being arrested by a detective on a charge of stealing a valuable article of jewellery. The farce was cleverly acted by Mr. Dallas Welford, Mr. Douglas Gordon, Mr. C. M. Lowne, Miss Letty Fairfax, and other members of the company.

CHRISTMAS RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE LONDON AND NORTH WESTERN COMPANY announce Cheap Excursions from London on December 23, to Dublin, Belfast, Cork, Limerick, and other places in Ireland. Also to Bangor, Carnarvon, the English Lake District, Holyhead, Holywell, Llandudno, Whitehaven, etc., and to Blackburn, Blackpool, Bolton, Carlisle, etc. On December 24, to Birmingham, Coventry, Walsall, Wolverhampton, Swansea, Liverpool, Manchester, Crewe, etc.

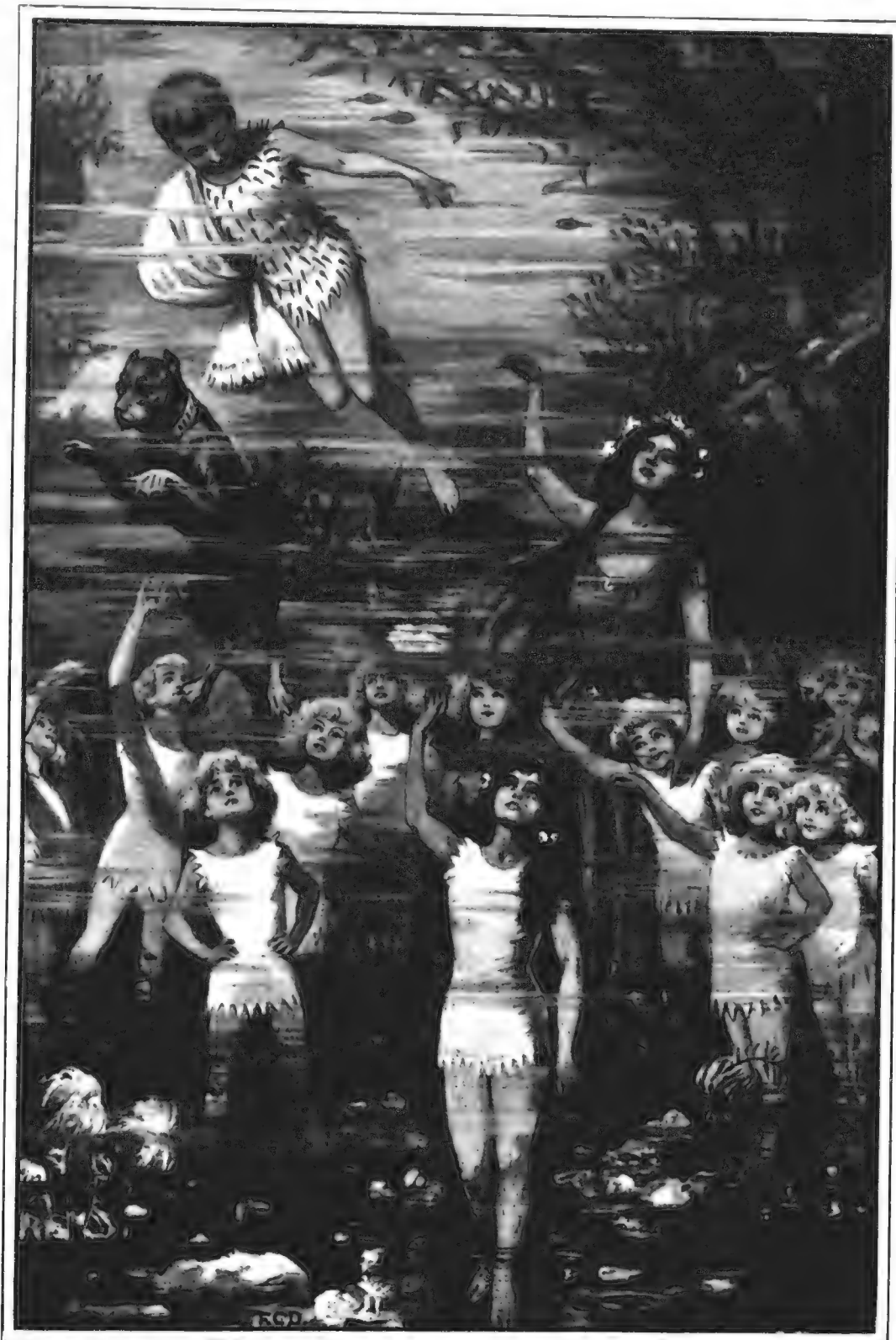
THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY announce that Cheap Excursions will be run from London, on December 24 and 31, to Durham, Newcastle, Berwick, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Inverness, and other stations in Scotland; also to the principal stations in the Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Staffordshire, Lancashire, Yorkshire, and North-Eastern Districts. On December 26, to Hatfield, Cambridge, etc.; also to Peterboro', Grantham and Nottingham.

THE GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY announce that by their Royal British Mail Hook of Holland route cheap tickets will be issued to Brussels via Harwich and Antwerp, December 24 and 26.

THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY COMPANY announce that by their route, via Newhaven and Dieppe, a special 14-day excursion to Paris will be run from London by the Express Day Service on December 24, and also by the Express Night Service on December 24.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY will run excursion trains to Carlisle, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Dundee, Aberdeen, &c., on December 31. On December 27 excursion tickets will be issued from Bedford, Olney, Wellinboro' and Kettering. Cheap week-end tickets will be issued on December 26 and 27 to the principal holiday and health resorts in England and Scotland.

We have received a copy of an A.B.C. programme issued by the Great Central Railway Company, announcing their Christmas and New Year Excursion arrangements from London to the Midlands, North of England and Ireland. Copies can be obtained, free, on application at Marylebone Station, or at any of the Company's Town Offices.



TOM LEAVING HIS COMPANIONS IN SEARCH OF HIS OLD MASTER

"THE WATER-BABIES" AT THE GARRICK

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON



In Genoa a short street, reached by descending some steps from one of the principal thoroughfares, is given up entirely to washing. There, under a roofed-in building open at the sides, laundry tanks are provided for the public, and the houses are apparently only inhabited by washerwomen. Every day of the week linen can be seen hung on lines stretched from house to house across the street. Every window on each one of the six stories of these buildings has two or more

of these lines attached to it, and every line has suspended thereon as much linen as it can possibly hold. The garments are so varied that it is safe to say that every article of Italian wear is to be seen in the collection. This centralisation of Genoa's laundry forms one of the most curious scenes the town affords. Our illustration is from a photograph by Major J. Fortune Nott

THE LAUNDRESSES' QUARTER: A STREET SCENE IN GENOA

Our Bookshelf

"THE LITTLE WHITE BIRD"

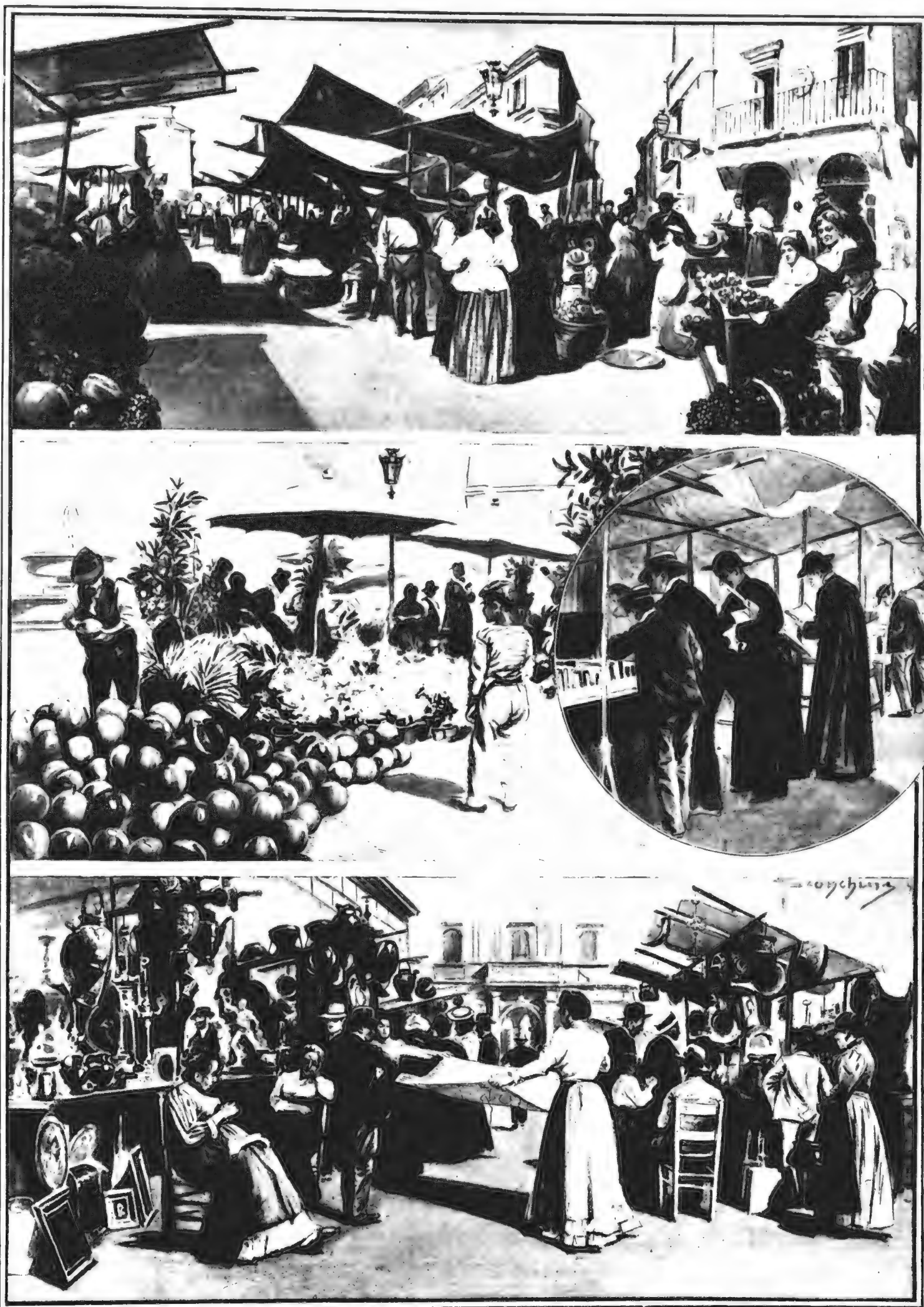
THAT Fairyland is everywhere is the tritest of truisms to everybody who knows anything about it. It is not usually looked for in Kensington Gardens, but negatives disprove nothing. America was not usually looked for before the time of Columbus, yet it had always been just where it is now. And what the achievement of Columbus was to the New World such is "The Little White Bird" of Mr. J. M. Barrie (Hodder and Stoughton) to the Old World—the very oldest of all old worlds—that ranges about the Round Pond and along the banks of the Serpentine. Henceforth the least fanciful of us will know what goes on there after the gates are locked at nightfall, and will be keener to discriminate between fairies and flowers. They will have by heart the whole history of

that pathetically weird creature, Peter Pan, the "Betwixt and Between"—neither Bird nor Boy—and the wonderful adventure of Miss Maimie Mannering—the only child (so far as we can remember)—who ever got lost among the fairies and came back without harm. In short, Mr. Barrie has written a fairy-book full of human as well as imaginative charm, not, indeed, for children themselves, but for all who love children and can enter into their minds. The narrator is an amiable middle-aged bachelor, who has had his romance, and finds an outlet for his accumulations of affection in a little boy, David by name, whom chance has thrown in his way, and through whom he admires that sixth sense which alone really sees and really knows. There are readers—and we are among them—who will incline to think David one of those good things of whom it is possible to have a great deal too much, and it is needful to say this, so that the ecstatic excess of him may not cause anybody to close the book before the charm—which is certain to work sooner

or later—begins. It is not needful to add that, when it does, it will continue to lay stronger and stronger hold. It is a real delight to find that the Fairies are still, thanks to Mr. Barrie, as active as ever, and closer than ever to our doors.

"TALES ABOUT TEMPERAMENTS"

The difficulty experienced by John Oliver Hobbes in finding a common title for her volume of three short stories and two short plays (T. Fisher Unwin) is easy to understand. On the other hand it is not at all easy to understand why she should finally have fixed upon a title at once so obviously forced into artificial fitness and so eminently unattractive. Of the three stories, "The Worm that God Prepared," deals, one must suppose, with temperament as affected by heredity, so that the most humdrum of our acquaintance may be a potential murderer—and more than merely potential, if anything goes wrong. "Tis an Ill Flight without Wings" tells how



1. The Fruit Stalls.

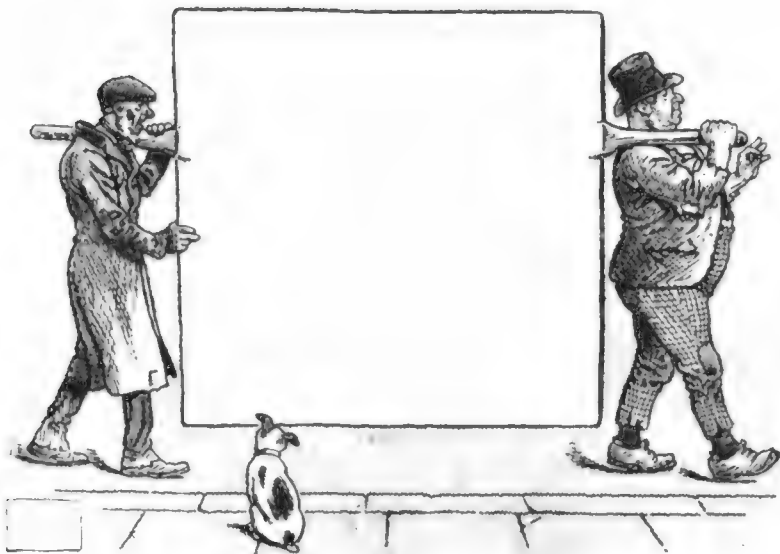
2. Flowers and Melons.

3. Second-hand Books.

4. Bric-a-brac and Works of Art.

THE CELEBRATED MARKET IN THE CAMPO DI FIORI, ROME

DRAWN BY A. BIANCHINI



A Frame for a Sketch, designed by W. Ralston in "Loot from My Friends." (W. Hodges and Co.)

an imaginative young gentleman fell in love with the photograph of a girl to whom he was afterwards introduced as the *fiancee* of a friend's friend—that is all. The suggested temperament is that of a sentimental noodle. "Prince Toto" is a rather pretty fairy tale, dedicated to the authoress's little boy. The two dramas are *A Repentance* and the "Proverb" called *Journeers End in Lovers Meeting*, already known to playgoers, and very good reading, though what they have to do with temperament we doubt if John Oliver Hobbes knows.

"LOOT FROM MY FRIENDS"

An ingenious idea has been very neatly carried out by the well-known black-and-white artist, W. Ralston, in a little album called "Loot from my Friends" (W. Hodges and Co., Glasgow and Edinburgh). The idea is that many girls like to possess albums, and many young men at some time are asked to contribute to them. To have an utterly blank book handed to you with a demand of this sort seems somehow to paralyse most people. Mr. Ralston's designs, which appear at irregular intervals throughout the volume, may possibly help to give an inspiration; and as the majority of them are meant for frames to the work of others, they are neither intrusive nor too frequent. There is so much humour, indeed, in the little sketches that there scarcely seems enough of them, and they should prove very stimulating.

TWO TALES BY THE LATE MR. HENTY

A special interest attaches to "In the Hands of the Cave-dwellers" (Blackie), which will, in common with the next volume, be read with a tinge of sadness now that their author, Mr. G. A. Henty, has laid aside his pen for ever. But the story itself is lively enough, picturing the friendship of a Mexican and an English lad, with the gallant rescue of a fair damsel from barbarous Indian cave-dwellers. The second tale, "With Kitchener in the Soudan," deals with the reconquest of that territory. The hero, Gregory Hartley, is in disgrace with his family through having taken to wife a penniless girl. He goes out to Egypt, succeeds in getting an appointment in the Intelligence Department of the Egyptian Army, and his dash and enterprise soon bring him to the front, while, when he returns to England covered with honour, it is proved that he is the rightful heir to a title and estate. A hero's life in fiction usually ends in sunshine.

OLLA-PODRIDA

Humorous poets of the present day are not so numerous that we can afford to forget old friends like "The Ingoldsby Legends" (John Lane), which now appears in a handsome fresh edition. Mr. Herbert Cole's illustrations are a new feature of the present volume, and he has entered right heartily into the sly, jovial fun of the "Legends," whilst equally capable of suggesting the gruesome. Though still among the elder readers, it is a far cry indeed from the last volume to the delicate sketches of life among the poor, "The Kidnapping of Ettie" (Seeley), by Brown Linnet. The child-portraits are especially charming, and though most of the tales are a little sad, the pathos is never overdrawn. This would be a capital book for reading at working-parties and mothers' meetings. Another picture of child-life, "Boy" (Griffith Farran), is prettily done, but Miss Helen Milman's hero is a little too ethereal, and joins the uncomfortable ranks of the misunderstood. One more pleasing novelette for elder girls, "The Fairclough Family" (Blackie), by Mrs. Henry Clarke, with its varied types of girlish character and a neat little mystery to unravel. For younger girls still, a quartette of wholesome stories will prove amusing—either the chronicle of a large family and their friends in innocent mischief, "Comrades All" (Blackie), by Florence Coombe; the experiences of a London child in the country, "A Little Cockney" (Nelson); the trials of two nice boys sent to visit a remarkably unpleasant uncle, "Uncle Harry's Fate" (Treherne), by Cicely Fulcher; or the holiday fun of a jolly little American boy and girl, "Lassie and Laddie"

(Chambers), by Marv D. Brine. When the little folk have finished these practical adventures, they may enjoy a day-dream like "Peggy and Jill" (Simpkin and Marshall), whose former adventures with a fairy green cat proved so fascinating that S. Ashton now relates their subsequent trip under Puss's guidance. This time they go to the Country-of-the-Lost, which is so far up to date as to indulge in a Coronation. Miss Dorothy Furniss's drawings give a marked instance of hereditary talent, the page of cats at the beginning being a delightful study of comic felines. Once upon a time, in the days when children had very few books, and read and re-read them over and over again, they owed a good deal to Mrs. Sherwood for her many charming tales. If the little ones of to-day dip into the reprint of "The Fairchild Family" (Wells Gardner), appropriately illustrated by Florence M. Rudland, they will find out what interested the children of nearly a century ago, and possibly get very interested themselves. A brief biography of Mrs. Sherwood is added by the editress, Mary E. Palgrave. If the

boys and girls want a peep into the life and characters of some of the animal world they cannot do better than look at Miss Beatrice Thompson's "Who's Who at the Zoo" (Gay and Bird). Photographing the inmates of the Zoo at all hours of the day, Miss Thompson gained an intimate knowledge of many strange creatures in fur and feathers, so that her descriptions and illustrations are truly fresh and life-like. One true book is meant for quite the little ones, and though in this Coronation Year biographies of Edward VII. are neither few nor far between, still "A Child's Life of the King" (Heinemann) comes in suitably to give the nursery folk an idea of their Sovereign. The text is put in quite elementary form by Allen Towers, while Edmund Smyth supplies the coloured pictures.

A TRUE CHRISTMAS BOOK

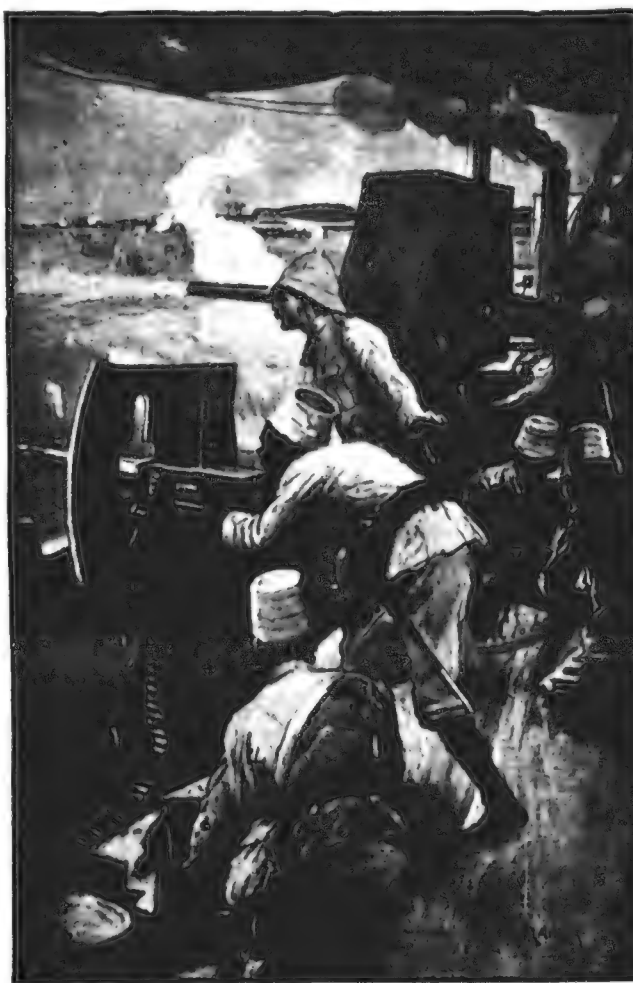
Rare nowadays is it to find among the Christmas books or cards anything which has a real Christmas flavour. But Mr. Tom Gallon's "The Charity Ghost" (Hutchinson) is quite a survival of the original intention of Christmas literature, and takes the memory back to Charles Dickens's Christmas stories. Indeed, there is a very strong suggestion of Dickens throughout the book, alike in the mingled humour and pathos and the cleverly drawn characters. The villain of the plot is a near relation to Scrooge, the miser, while honest John Tackleboy is just one of those simple-minded beings whom Dickens loved to describe. Not that Mr. Gallon is a mere imitator, for his delightful story is thoroughly fresh and light, showing the touch of a true artist. He could have no better illustrator than Mr. Gordon Browne, whose pencil so well brings the varied types of character before the eye.

"THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA"

The seventh of the new volumes, and volume thirty-one of the complete works, opens with an essay by Frederick Greenwood, dealing with "The Influence of Commerce on International Conflict." After reviewing the dreams of those who hoped to see the extinction of war, Mr. Greenwood ends on rather a gloomy note:—

If armies are so costly nowadays it is not only because they must be more numerous, but because science and invention are tireless in providing even more terrible and still more expensive engines of war. Hence the need of additional taxation, and therefore of additional trade, and therefore of increased competition for trade. The good geni of the Nineteenth Century have done great things for the material welfare of mankind, but what have they done for peace? . . . When this unexpected outcome forced itself on attention, second thoughts discovered in it the very thing that would extinguish war most certainly and speedily. War would become so costly, above all it would become so dreadful, that it would not be endured. This remained a hopeful belief for some years, and it was not without reason then. Since then war has been provided with far greater terrors, and once or twice it has made such havoc, in a space of time terrible in its brevity, as was never seen before under the sun. Yes, humanity does endure the excess. There is no sign of its being shocked in the least. Invention is still at work upon improved means of ravage, and the State spends more and more on its productions, amidst little complaint. For commerce prospers in reliance on war, war is everywhere pledged to commerce; and the old order reigneth still.

This being so, Mr. Greenwood's very sane contention is that we should recognise the "unregenerate character of international relations, and act *not* as if it were a merit to misunderstand them." The present volume, M.O.S.—P.R.E., contains many important articles. "Motor-Vehicles," for instance, introduces a new subject to the Encyclopedia; "Navies" is an admirable paper, and a brief chapter on "Natal" is full of information; "Newspapers" is a very elaborate and comprehensive survey—one of the longest articles, indeed, in the volume; "Ordnance," fully illustrated, is deeply interesting, while the essay on "Pathology," comprising some seventy pages, with diagrammatic and coloured illustrations, one would like to have apart from the work as a masterly survey of what has been done in this field. "Philippine Islands" brings the story of that unhappy archipelago up to last August, when America proposed to buy out the friars, as landowners, and substitute for them, as leaders, American secular priests. "Photography" is very finely illustrated with specimen prints, as well as specimen instruments. "Physiology" is another voluminous chapter, for here again modern research has made the ninth edition hopelessly out of date, and in the article on the "Polar Regions" there is much that is new to record. "Population," "Power Transmission" and "Post-office" are other exceedingly interesting chapters. But there is a year's reading in any one of these volumes, and that of the most engrossing character. The eighth volume of the new series, P.R.I.—S.T.O., opens with an essay by Karl Pearson, on "The Function of Science in the Modern State." It includes a number of very important articles, as, for instance, "South Africa," "Ships and Shipbuilding"—the last two profusely and admirably illustrated—"Railways," "Social Progress in Great Britain," "Socialism," "Command of the Sea," &c.



THE GUNBOATS OPENED FIRE AT THE TWO NEAREST FORTS
From "With Kitchener in the Soudan." By G. A. Henty. Illustrated by W. Rainey.
(Blackie and Son)



Drawn by W. Ralston in "Loot from My Friends." (W. Hodges and Co.)

A FAMOUS SPECIALIST ON THE PERMANENT CURE OF OBESITY.

Just as the name of some great physician or surgeon springs to the mind when some particular disease or class of disease is mentioned, so when the word "corpulency" is uttered, the name of Mr. F. Cecil Russell comes to mind on the instant. Not that that well-known authority looks upon obesity as a disease, however; but his name as that of the most successful of specialists in the treatment of obesity is inseparably connected with that branch of the curative art.

If any of our stout readers wish to know what Mr. Russell has accomplished in this direction, and by what particular methods, let that reader at once write him at Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. (enclosing three penny stamps), for a copy of the nineteenth edition of his standard work, entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," an admirably lucid treatise of 256 pages. Our reader's effort in making the application will be amply rewarded.

"Corpulency and the Cure" goes at once to the root of the matter and tells all about the various causes of obesity. It then deals in extenso with its cure, and explains the radical differences between the "Russell" treatment and the many other treatments, British and continental, which have met with but partial success where they have not failed altogether. As an indisputable proof of the harmlessness of the treatment, Mr. Russell publishes the recipe of the liquid vegetable compound upon which he chiefly relies as a reductive agent. By this, again, it will be seen that the purely herbal ingredients of the mixture are quite innocuous. By Mr. Russell's method it is clearly proved that a person, however stout, may regain normal dimensions and weight with ease and safety, and without any racking and exhausting purgatives or any needlessly severe exercise. Only a little prudence and care is required, and the decrease of fat goes on naturally but perceptibly at the rate of from 3lb. to 2lb. daily until the desired condition is reached, when the treatment may be set aside with no fear of a recurrence of obesity, if only ordinary hygienic rules are observed. This most important feature of the treatment stands out very prominently in the hundreds of extracts from patients' letters which the author has thought fit to incorporate in his book. Moreover, whenever the matter of general health is mentioned the patient is usually enthusiastic. The truth is that the "Russell" treatment—or rather the principal compound employed—is a splendid tonic, improving appetite and aiding the organs of digestion and assimilation, so that a larger amount of wholesome food is required and taken and new muscular tissue is formed in place of the unhealthy adipose which is being steadily destroyed and eliminated. However looked upon, the system is sound and admirable, and "Corpulency and the Cure," with its mass of well-arranged facts and figures, must of necessity appeal to any reader possessing the logical faculty.—Reprinted from *Woman*.

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Two "Peerages"

THE first impression a reader has on opening "Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage" (Dean and Son), is the feeling of wonderment at the enormous labour that must be expended in the production of such a volume. This year the "Peerage" occupies 976 pages, while the rest of the volume takes up 1,179 pages, exclusive of pages devoted to the Royal Household and Royal Warrant Holders. Last year the "Peerage" occupied 964 and the rest 1,112 pages—that is to say that the volume has increased by seventy-nine pages. The years 1901 and 1902 were exceptional for the number of honours bestowed in them. The number amounted to the unprecedented total of 2,850, equivalent to all the honours given in the whole of the preceding eleven years. In addition to this there have been thousands of promotions in the Army, all of which must be recorded if the officers in question are connected with the families named in the book. In all, these promotions, etc., have involved some 75,000 different references. The number of honours bestowed in the past year up to December 5, to which date the book has been corrected, amounts to 1,140, of which 400 have been bestowed since October last. Seven new Peers have been created, one Earl has been promoted to be Marquess, four Barons to be

Viscounts (among them Lord Kitchener and Milner), and there have been created twenty-five new Baronets, thirty-five new Privy Counsellors, 226 new Knights, and 846 new Companions of different Orders. Even then we have not reached the end of the alterations, for twenty-two Peers and thirty-six Baronets have died in the year, and four Peerages and six Baronetcies have become extinct. "Debrett's" is always trustworthy, and the care that is necessary to make it so must be indeed unremitting. Another work which enjoys a high reputation is "Whitaker's Peerage" (J. Whitaker and Sons), which also has the great recommendation that it is cheap. In this volume the whole list of names of those holding titles or belonging to Orders is arranged alphabetically—a source of great convenience for hurried reference. To begin, there is an admirable list of promotions and creations from January 1 to November 20, 1902; an obituary, a very interesting "Introduction," an "Historic Peerage," and an "Historic Baronetage," and a description of the various British Orders. Then we find the Royal Family dealt with in the most exhaustive fashion; indeed, no book that we have seen treats the subject quite so fully and clearly. There are in the list of the Royal Family and their relatives no fewer than two hundred and eighty names, and these are so arranged that one can easily look up any particular personage, and can also see in what way our Royal House is connected by blood or by marriage with other Royal families.

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FROM Messrs. Charles Letts and Company we have received samples of their excellent diaries and pocket-books. The diaries are too well known to need description. They are issued in all sizes, the octavo and quarto, with one, two, or three days to a page, being, perhaps, the most useful. These are, for the first time we believe, fitted with a patent self-opening blotter, which gives them all the advantages of an interleaved diary with half the thickness. Moreover, the book always opens at the place in use. To mention one of these diaries—the octavo, No. 481—which has a page to a day and is bound in cloth, is the cheapest diary for one shilling that we know. Messrs. Charles Letts and Co. also issue some charming pocket diaries which are also fitted with a self-opening tablet. They can be had in various bindings, and are of different shapes and sizes, some being fitted with a backloop pencil, and they may be described as a capital combination of utility and beauty. It should be stated that each of the diaries, as on former occasions, contains a 500l. policy of insurance against accident. The date indicators issued by the firm are an improvement on the ordinary blocks.—From Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co. we have received the quaintly conceived "St. George's Calendar," which will delight lovers of heraldry, as it contains twelve coloured plates of Coats of Arms of medieval knights, and gives short



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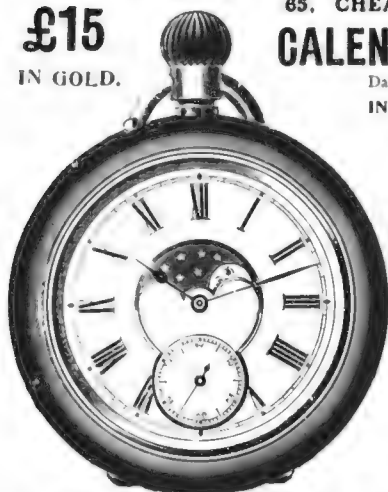
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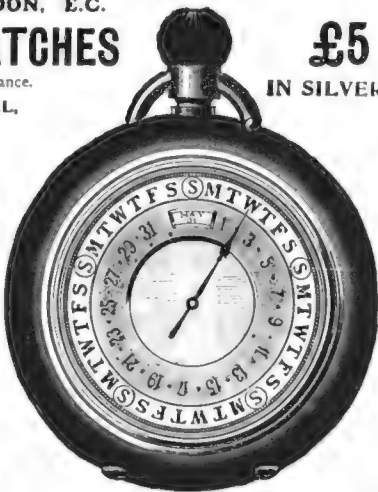
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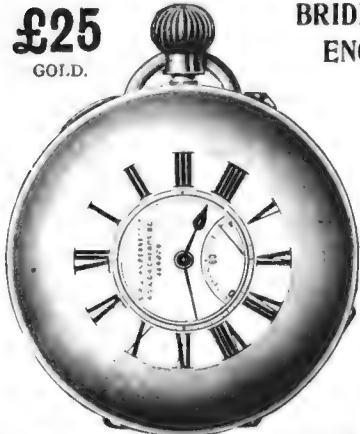
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biographies of the knights themselves.—Messrs. Rudall, Carte and Co., as usual, issue their "Professional Pocket-Book" in four quarters. The diary is admirably adapted for the musical profession.—From Messrs. Dean and Son we have received "Debrett's Waistcoat-Pocket Diary," a dainty little volume bound in red leather.

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES

MESSRS. TOM SMITH AND CO. are, as usual, in the front rank as producers of Christmas crackers. Christmas crackers, one would think, cannot vary much, but each year Messrs. Tom Smith and Co. have something new to show. Topical subjects are seized upon to supply new designs. Thus this year we find Aeronautical Crackers, containing miniature balloons, shooting balloons and parachutes; and the Anglo-Japanese Alliance Crackers, which are of pretty Japanese design, and contain all sorts of Japanese trifles. These two examples will suffice to show how up to date the firm is in its designs. The Artistic Crackers for table decoration well deserve their name. They are exceedingly pretty, and far too dainty to be pulled. The miniature flowerpots, too, are charming, while the "Monster" crackers contain a number of toys, imitation jewellery, or costumes. The Santa Claus Surprise Stockings, of all sizes, will delight the youngsters.—Messrs. Leggett Bros. issue, as usual, a Christmas etching by Frank Paton. This year the subject is "A Deep Dream of Peace," and the picture shows two puppies sleeping, after having worried the map of South Africa.

Paris Gossipings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

WITH reference to the Franco-Italian duel, what is curious about a continental duel is the enormous mass of red tape it has managed to accumulate. One would think that if two men really desired to fight, nothing would be easier than to arrange a meeting. But in reality this is not so. The French duelling code simply bristles with difficulties. There are, without exaggeration, hundreds of volumes on the etiquette of the *duello*. Any man who does not want to fight can raise all kinds of difficulties. *Apropos* of this I remember a good story told of the late Prince Jerome Bonaparte, better known to the Parisians by his sobriquet of "Plon-Plon."

He was not supposed to be a very lion in courage, and one day he received a challenge from a Paris journalist, or some other person of not very exalted rank. Prince Jerome at once rushed off to the Tuileries to ask if it would be possible for a Prince of the Blood to cross swords with a simple commoner. The Empress Eugénie, who never wanted in spirit, simply replied to him: "*Mon cousin, quand on a envie de se battre, on ne demande pas des questions pareilles*;" and Napoleon III. was cruel enough to remark, "If ever a bullet is found in Jerome's stomach it will be because he swallowed it."

One more landmark of Paris has disappeared—the Maison Dorée (or as it was called by everybody who had any pretension to being a *boulevardier*, the Maison d'Or) has closed its doors. Every evening now there is a dark spot in the brilliantly lighted boulevard, where the shuttered windows of the famous restaurant replace the former brilliancy. I suppose the few *boulevardiers* of the school of Aurélien Scholl, M. de Brugé, Comte Skogenski, and other celebrities of the past century, all the former glories of the boulevard, are passing away. Tortoni's famous café is now a boot-shop, the Café Riche is now a modern *brasserie* blazing with lights and gilding and with an obtrusive Hungarian band at meal-times. The only fortress of the old *régime* that now remains is the Café Anglais.

The reason is that people no longer care to lunch, dine, or sup in *salon particulier*, which was the *raison d'être* of the older boulevard restaurant, and still less care to spend the four or five louis that meals prepared by the *cordons bleus* of such establishments cost. Munich beer and German style of restaurants have sprung up everywhere, the English bar and the English grill have now *droit de cité* in the French capital. "The new generation no longer knows the way to the Maison Dorée," said M. Verrier sadly. "Our old clientèle vanished day by day; the younger people have lost taste for good *cuisine*. Casimir, my faithful partner, who has worked forty years in the house at the head of the kitchen, deplores the barbarism of modern cookery. Taste is disappearing. We kept up

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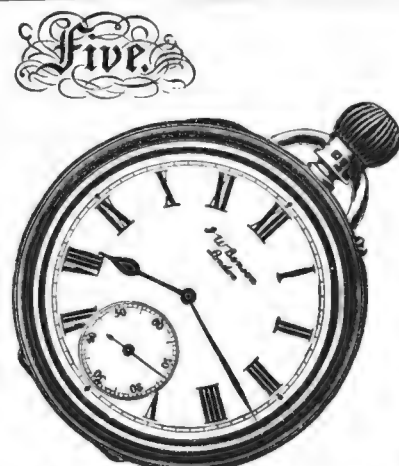
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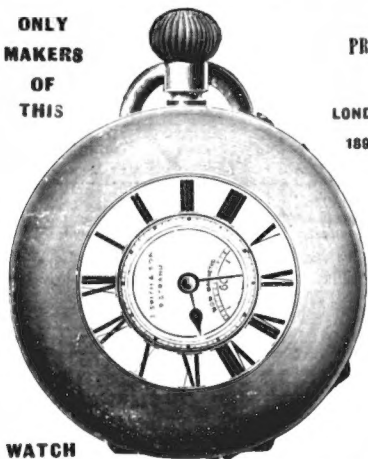
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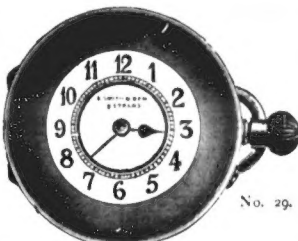
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Reports from the French vineyards this year are not brilliant. The vintage amounts to 39,943,191 hectolitres, or hogsheads, a falling off of 18,020,323 hectolitres, and nearly three million hectolitres below the average of the last ten years. This is, perhaps, not altogether a misfortune, as last year's vintage was so abundant that the proprietors of vines did not know what to do with it. There were not barrels enough in all France to hold it, and nobody to drink it. There was a hoghead of wine for every man, woman, and child of the population, a supply which, it must be admitted, is excessive. Real wine, made from the juice of the grape, could be had in Paris for three halfpence the litre, while in the country districts it simply had no value at all.

The result was that enormous quantities of wine was left on the hands of the growers. The dearth of barrels was so great that in some districts the wine-growers would give a barrel full of wine

for two empty ones. The result was, of course, a tremendous fall in prices. Not only had the wine-growers enormous quantities left on their hands, but what they did sell went "for an old song."

It has always been a source of wonder to me that people in England do not take advantage of the cheapness of French wine. The cost of transport from Bordeaux to London is less than from Bordeaux to Paris, and the Customs duties are very small. It would be quite possible to drink sound, honest claret for sixpence or sevenpence a quart. Such a wine, if bottled and kept in cellar for three or four years, would be worth half-a-crown a bottle. I can only ascribe the failure of the Bordeaux wine merchants to push trade in England to their want of business initiative.

English visitors to Paris who have suffered at the hands of the *ouvreuse* or box-opener of the Paris theatres will be glad to hear that the reign of these harpies has ended at the Théâtre de la Renaissance. It is simply extraordinary that the Parisians put up with these as long as they did. When a spectator arrives in a Paris theatre to take his seat he is met in the corridor by one of these ancient dames, who, before showing him to his place, demands her *petit bénéfice*—Anglicé, her tip. As in many Paris theatres the tickets sold at the door

contain no numbers, the placing of the spectator is at the good pleasure of the *ouvreuse*. If no tip is forthcoming, the worst possible seat is given; if the tip is liberal the spectator is well placed. One of the things that perpetuates the power of the *ouvreuse* is the fact that she had in many instances to buy her place, and, in addition, to deposit several hundred francs caution-money, which is supposed to be a security for the coats, umbrellas, etc., committed to her charge.

More than one penniless theatrical manager has opened his theatre with no other capital than the caution-money of the *ouvreuses* and the assistance of the *chef de claque*. That latter important official has the right to thirty or forty free seats per night in which to place his men. These he recruits at the wine-shop at which he establishes his headquarters. The members of the *claque* generally pay a small sum for their seats, and undertake to applaud on the signal given by the *chef*. If the play is a success there is a large demand to form part of the *claque*, and the *chef* makes a good thing of it. If the piece is a failure he has often much difficulty in beating up his staff. Such are the risks of the business of the *chefs de claque*, or, as some of them dub themselves, *entrepreneurs de succès dramatiques*. The position of *chef de claque* of the Comédie Française was worth several hundred pounds a year, and the holder of the office was a Government functionary.

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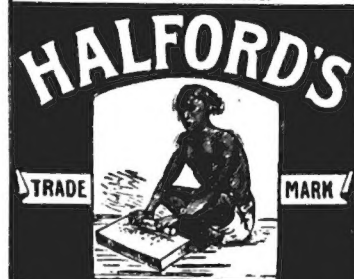
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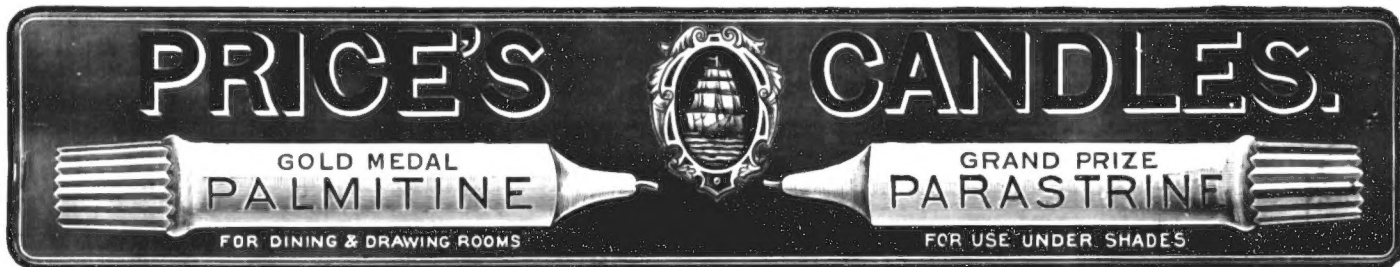
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